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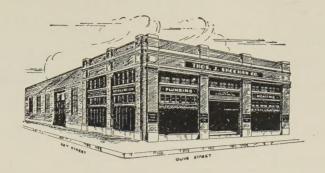
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Other Resources	1,507.90	
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Other Liabilities	756.44
202	
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Volume 3, Number 2

June, 1949

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Suggests a Change In Name

As far as I can learn, there are no streams in Southern Illinois Egypt called the Nile. Therefore may I suggest that through the medium of your magazine and the Greater Egypt Association that you advocate the changing of the name of the Big Muddy River to the Nile.

The name Big Muddy is certainly not attractive to tourists nor to consumers of water supplied from that

source.

T. C. Alexander

Murphysboro, Ill.

Real Pioneer Stock

I was very glad to come into possession of a bound volume of several copies of the EGYPTAN KEY, which contained Egyptian lore, and recalled names and places familiar to me during my boyhood days.

My father was Shadrach Waters,

My father was Shadrach Waters, who was a grandson of the Shadrach Waters who came and settled at the present site of Golconda about 1796 with Major James and Sarah Lusk. My father was born in Wool, Illinois, later known as Brownsfield, and it was in this neighborhood that his family, including myself, were raised and received our education. All of the territory around Golconda is very familiar to me.

P. S. Waters, M. D. East Moline, Ill.

See Page 17

I have been fortunate enough to have the pleasure of perusing a copy or so of the key, and find it to be the only publication that puts out a picture of Southern Illinois that sounds authentic to me, and I believe your writers really go into this and know what they are talking about, making an honest effort to draw a true picture.

I am a native son of Egypt and am interested in its early history, having been born and raised adjacent to the village of Opdyke, Jefferson County, in section 17 of Pendleton Township. My paternal grandfather and family migrated from Jennings County, Indiana, in April,

1858, settling in "Moore's Prairie." But what I am trying to get at is a correct map and history of the old "Goshen Trail" which is obliterated and not used as a road when they came to Illinois in 1858, although I do know where it crossed a water course in that neighborhood, and in the late '80's have heard my father speak of plowing thro the old trail with a walking plow in the SW corner of that section—it still being noticeable.

I have written the Illinois Historical Society, also the Chicago Historical but they both seem very vague

upon that subject.

I cherish very much a silver medal awarded my maternal grand-father at the first state fair held in Illinois at Centralia. It reads "Presented to Capt. Newby of Mt. Vernon for the best span of iron gray mules September 13, 1858." I checked with the Fair Assn., and they say the dates etc. are correct.

Curran Newby Jones

St. Elmo, Ill.

COVER PICTURE

The picture on the front cover is a reproduction of a photograph of Hawk's Cave. Ferne Clyffe State Park, made by George Quinn, *Chicago Tribune* photographer.

The natural bandshell shown in the photograph is approximately four hundred feet in length, carved out of the center of a vertical rock wall.



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The *Insect Guide* by Ralph B. Swain is a delightful book which introduces you to the world of insects in a most thrilling manner. This is the first guide on the market written from the point of view of the layman and will merit more than just casual attention.

A novice could easily follow the directions given in the chapter on collecting, preserving, and studying insects. It is especially good. These are so clearly and simply written that any high school boy or amateur interested in making a collection could use this guide for his classification and be scientifically accurate. It is a professional book written from the slant of the layman.

The illustrations are beautifully done and all grouped together in one section of the book. A new and novel idea is the method of using a number to correlate the illustration and life history of each insect. It makes for quick, easy identification as well as giving an appreciation of their relationships with plants, man, and other animals.

For the naturalist, the garden lover, and anyone interested in nature, this book will make entertaining reading of important scientific facts about insects. It has a wealth of material, is a handy size book, small enough to carry around in one's pocket or easily fits into the glove compartment of one's car when one is bent on a nature trip. An excellent book for everyone to own and have with his other guides to birds and flowers.

The author, Doctor Ralph B. Swain, is an entomologist of the U. S. Bureau of Entomology and

a prominent authority in this field. He was born in Benton, Illinois, where the family lived until his father accepted a position in the Music Department at Southern Illinois University. From there the Swains moved to St. Louis where his mother successfully operated several tea rooms. Here young Swain, with his natural bent for collecting snakes and animals, found kindred spirits at the St. Louis Zoo.

He was graduated at Iowa State College and earned a Ph.D. from the University of Colorado. His government assignments have taken him over most of North America.

The beautiful illustrations of the *Insect Guide* were made by his charming wife, Su Zan N. Swain, who is a famous artist in her own right. The Swains can be found at home in East Orange, New Jersey. The author's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Swain, returned to Benton, Illinois, several years ago, where they make their home.

-Hilda A. Stein

Thunder in the Wilderness, a story of Kaskaskia and Cahokia, is by Harry Hamilton, native of Chester.

Hamilton tells in a very colorful manner, the story of the days immediately preceding the arrival of George Rogers Clark at Kaskaskia.

Undoubtedly the author did a vast amount of research before writing this book. It is our hope that the author of Banjo on My Knee having cracked the motion picture industry with that work, will be able to interest picture pro-

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ducers in his latest. The days of old Kaskaskia and Cahokia were so colorful, the life so rugged, that the locale is perfect for motion pictures.

Hamilton depicts the times well, shows the influence of the French on the Mississippi Valley, and draws a good picture of the American redskin.

Published by Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

Wayfaring Stranger is an autobiographical book by Burl Ives. Born in Jasper County, Illinois, just north of Egypt, Ives writes engagingly of his early life as he struggled up the ladder of success.

The book begins with the first thing Burl remembers as a small boy and carries him to the point where he has made a success. He does not tell of his marriage nor does he give the reader any inkling of whom he intends to marry.

There are some passages in the book that one would not want to read aloud to children, It is written in the modern style but is not nearly so bad as many.

For the adult reader it is an interesting biography of a very human character who missed being an Egyptian by just a few miles.

Published by Whittlesey House, New York.

Granger Country, by Lloyd Lewis and Stanley Pargellis, is the story of the Burlington Railroad.

With its content split about half and half between pictures and reading matter, the book fascinates whoever picks it up.

Lloyd Lewis, who died last April, is well known for his many books and articles, while Stanley Pargellis, is best known as the librarian of Newberry Library, Chicago.

With the story of Illinois cut in so many places by that of the Burlington Railroad, this book is a must for those interested in the development of our State. For those who like to read or to see "westerns" this book will be a treat. The reproductions of many drawings from

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publications of the past century are extremely interesting.

Granger Country is published in the centennial year of the Burlington Railroad.

Published by Little, Brown and Company, Boston.

Lincoln's Herndon, by David Donald, is another Lincoln book. Just about the time one figures the Lincolnphiles have exhausted their favorite subject someone approaches it from a different angle and again we go around the mulberry bush.

We wish they would let Abe requiescat in pace.

Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

House of God, by Desider Holisher, is a pictorial presentation of an assortment of churches extending from one ocean to the other. We regret that the author confined himself to well-known, large churches and omitted the many famous and historic small churches scattered across the land.

Published by Crown Pub-

lishers, New York.

Remembrance Rock, by Carl Sandburg, is another tome by this famous author. He starts his story with the times of Plymouth Rock and progresses through American history devoting a generation to each of our great wars, not stopping until World War II has been fought.

Many persons like Sandburg's books but we cannot get enthused about this, his first historical novel. We like our books shorter, with faster action, and without so many side expeditions to distract us from the major story.

Brace and Company, New York.

Published by Harcourt,

Old Illinois Houses, by John Drury, is a collection of short articles about Illinois houses that appeared several years ago in the Chicago Daily News. The book is well worth owning and reading. It is regretted that Drury overlooked so many houses in Egypt. It also is to be regretted that the picture reproductions are not as good as they should be.

It may seem ungrateful to find any fault with this book when the author has honored us by quoting a sentence we once wrote even if it was published under a pseudonym.

Published by the Illinois State Historical Society, Springfield, Illinois.

Larks in the Popcorn, by H. Allen Smith, is another book by this "former Egyptian." It runs mostly true to his style as

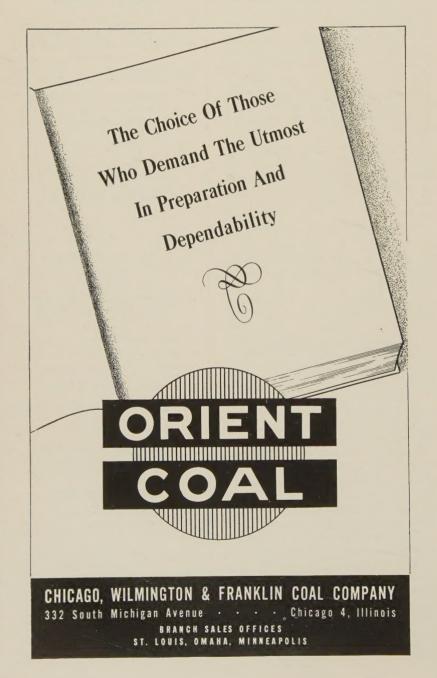


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displayed in his previous books. Perhaps he shows some improvement as a result of scathing criticism from us. This is a book that is well written but will please only those who enjoy brash, bawdy books.

Published by Doubleday and Company, New York.

In Ballads from the Bluffs, Elihu Nicholas Hall, of Elizabethtown, Illinois, tells the stories of Hardin County, Illinois, in poetry form. The style is reminiscent of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

In the book Judge Hall tells the stories, many of them gory, of the bandits of Cave in Rock, of John A. Murrell, Squire Potts, Squire Ford, John Duff, and their evil cohorts. What happens when young, pretty Anna Pierce, Doctor Anna, casts her religion in their paths is worth finding out.

Sprinkled with a fair amount of folklore and littleknown facts of history taken from Doctor Anna's diary, the book truly has reading value.

Published by Judge E. N. Hall, Elizabethtown, Illinois.

Light in the Window, by Mary Roberts Rinehart, is a modern novel. A super-mystery writer tries a sexy, modern novel in her older years. Come back, Mary, all will be forgiven if you will write some more "whodunits." Give us another Man in Lower Ten or some more Tish stories.

Published by Rinehart and Company, New York.

If you remember your history and Thaddeus Stevens, you probably remember him as a violent, stubborn, crippled man, who spoke his mind against, or for, whatever he believed, regardless of the consequences. Most histories do not present him in the most favorable light, nor credit him with a great following.

Elsie Singmaster, living in and about the country where Stevens lived much of his life, found a different side of him. The well-known author presents a different Stevens in her "fictional biography," I Speak for Thaddeus Stevens. In her book, Stevens, while never an idol of the people, is the friend of many, and the staunch defender of the Negro and his rights. Miss Singmaster has given us a more human and sympathetic picture of the man than we have had heretofore.

The story is quite well done, though wordy and slow-moving in spots. Any reader, whose previous reading has taken him into those fascinating days before the Civil War, will find this book

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Thunder on the River, by Charlton Laird, is a fast moving. story of adventure, danger, and love.

Tall, muscular, blond, blueeyed, nineteen-year-old Mark Eldridge arrived at Goshen, "the end of civilization," in 1813.

The book recounts his adventures in the wild new coun-



Charlton Laird

try. He meets Black Hawk, the Indian, journeys up the Illinois, Mississippi, and Rock rivers, and takes part in the stirring events of those days.

Mark Eldridge, Jeanne, and Little Turtle are from Laird's imagination but Black Hawk, Judge Johnson, Colonel Davenport, Peter Cartwright, and others are very real. The author leaned heavily upon Black Hawk's Autobiography, itself a most interesting book.

Published by Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown and Company, Boston.

Towboat River, by Edward and Louise Rosskam, is a pictorial story of our great inland waterways. Good photography with interesting comments make this an entertaining book.

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We doubt if the time ever will come when no more books will be written about Abraham Lincoln. Just about the time one begins to feel that all has been written about the great man of Illinois, some new phase of his life or some new approach to a study of him springs up and the field is opened again.

Benjamin P. Thomas, in *Portrait for Posterity*, approaches Lincoln from the standpoint of his biographers.

As one reads the pages of this book, he meets Herndon, Hay, Nicolay, Weik, Lamon, Beveridge, Tarbell, Whitney, Barton, Sandburg, and others. In their company he fights the battles of the biographers. He learns that all of them do not agree, and that when some bold spirit like Otto Eisenschiml dares to express an opinion contrary to the generally accepted one, he immediately is placed beyond the pale.

Thomas has journeyed down a new road to Lincoln, and like most roads, it is an interesting one.

Published by Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Sing and Swing, by David S. McIntosh, gives the words and music of a number of singing games of the pioneer days. Collected by Professor David S. McIntosh, of the music department, Southern Illinois University, Carbondale, the book is of great interest to those interested in folklore and singing games and dances.

Published by D. S. McIntosh, Carbondale, Illinois.

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For the young and the young in heart, *Jeremy Bell*, by Clyde Brion Davis.

Published by Rinehart and Company, New York.

Vance Randolph has garnered an astonishing amount of legend and folklore into his book *Ozark Superstitions*. In order to do this, Randolph states that he had to live among the people as one of them, since they are extremely reluctant to discuss superstitions and the like with "outsiders."

He has been collecting material for this book since 1920. Many of the household sayings and superstitions that Randolph gives will be found in our own Egyptian Ozarks. You no doubt will recognize some saying that Grandma used, or some jingle you chanted as a child.

Published by Columbia University Press, New York.

The last book of Roark Bradford, *The Green Roller*, will be enjoyed by the lovers of Bradford's tales. It is a story of the religion of the Negroes of the South. The book takes its name from the nickname of a Negro preacher.

Bradford died in November,

Published by Harper and Brothers, New York.

The very latest of Frances Crane's Pat Abbott mystery stories, *The Flying Red Horse*, is to our mind one of the best.

The locale is Dallas, Texas, and in that city of well dressed women Frances stages her story which moves rapidly.

As in her other books, Pat's wife, Jean, manages to get her finger in the affair and to as-

sist in the solution.

Frances Crane, Egypt's own detective story writer, a native of Lawrenceville, manages to get some word designating a color in all her titles. It is our hope that Frances will use every shade in the spectrum as we want many more of her tales.

Published by Random House, New York.

The Garnered Sheaves by Elizabeth H. Emerson is a se-

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Sift into bowl...

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Work into flour with fork... 2/3 cup shortening
Stir in with fork, I tablespoon at

6 tablespoons cold water Cover bowl; chill ½ hour.

While pastry chills, mix together...

5 cups pared, sliced apples

1 cup sugar

3/4 teaspoon ground cinnamon On floured board, roll half of pastry into 10-inch round. Fit loosely into deep 9-in. pie pan. Fill with apple mixture. Put over apples, bits of... 2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Roll remaining pastry into 10-in. round. Fold pastry in half; with pointed knife, cut gashes along fold. Moisten outer edge of pastry in pan with finger tips dipped in cold water. Arrange remaining pastry over apples. Pinch edges together with fingers or fork to seal. Bake in very hot oven (450° F.) 20 min. Reduce heat to moderate (375° F.) and bake 40 min. longer, or until golden brown.

Note: Self-rising flour cannot be used in making pastry.

quel to *The Good Crop*. In her second book the author carries along the story of the Quaker family that settled in Illinois just south of Danville, and gives a good picture of post-Civil War life.

Published by Longman's, Green and Company, New York.

Persimmon Hill is called "a narrative of old St. Louis and the Far West." Elizabeth Russell has written the story as told her by her father William Clark Kennerly. A great deal of the charm of the book must be credited to Mrs. Russell for her handling of the material.

The period is from 1824 through the Civil War. There is much of the story of the French settlements along the Mississippi.

Two dozen pictures illustrate the text which is printed beautifully on high grade paper.

Published by University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma.

Mae Trovillion Smith, member of the faculty of Southern Illinois University, has written a small book Your Friend, Lucy, which is a series of letters purportedly written by a young woman student at Southern to her girl friend back home. The time is 1880-1884.

Through the medium of letters, Mrs. Smith is able to depict the life of the students at Southern in those early days of the school. The book affords entertaining reading for an hour and is a welcome addition to the story of Southern.

Published by Mrs. Mae T. Smith, Carbondale, Illinois.

Captain Dauntless is the story of Captain Biddle of the early American Navy. Written by William Bell Clark, well printed and illustrated, it is a worthy addition to the biography shelf.

Those who like navy stories, those who are interested in the early days of our nation, those who love brave men, will enjoy this book.

Published by Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

W.G.



SANTA IS AN OLD MAN

By WILL GRIFFITH

SANTA CLAUS is an old man—and like many old men—tired

Barring another war in the immediate future, the honeymoon is over in the United States. Europe is gradually, albeit slowly, becoming rehabilitated. As Europe rebuilds, she will begin to produce again, and as a natural consequence, the outlets for our products abroad will diminish.

We will have to go to work again in America. We can't rock much longer. Santa Claus is tired.

Here, in Southern Illinois, we have what could become the new frontier for America. Natural resources in profusion, ideal working climate, all the room necessary, a native stock that is adaptable to progress, a background of accomplishment.

Santa Claus has been too good a friend of Egypt. We have been injured by kindness. Today the world is fast returning to that hard cruel

world—that world of accomplishment.

Today is a time for plain speaking. Individual preferences must be sacrificed on the stone of the common good. Those of our citizens who have not desired growth because it would interfere with their own personal ease must, for the good of Egypt, withdraw their opposition.

If progress passes Egypt by now, it may by-

pass Egypt for one or more decades.

What does Egypt need? It needs develop-

ment. Of what kind? All kinds.

Take a look around the area. How many up and coming retail establishments can you find? Do you realize how much of the shopping trade goes to St. Louis and Chicago and Paducah? There is only one reason Mrs. Egypt travels afar to purchase. That reason is because she cannot get what she wants at home. Modern stores, with modern equipment, manned by intelligent clerks, and stocked with metropolitan merchandise will keep that money at home.

Factories are springing up all over the country in the smaller cities. Why do not more of them come to Egypt? The answer is selfishness

We do not want our neighboring town to have the factory if we cannot get it. We do not want a factory that will compete for the labor supply against our own factory. We do not want smoke in our town. We want to keep the old place just as it was thirty years ago. We have made our little pile so why worry about the other fellow. We don't like to leave our home after we have eaten our evening meal so we won't go to that meeting which concerns a better Egypt. We are somnolent.

Our young people are born in Southern Illinois, educated in Southern Illinois, and then leave Southern Illinois. Why? They say because there is no opportunity in Egypt. They are wrong. Egypt is crowded with opportunities. But try to get them out in the open.

We don't want opportunities. We want to remain as we are. We like our little Model T car. If we got a modern auto it might be necessary to enlarge the garage in order to get the larger car inside. Why worry? What has been good enough will continue to be good enough.

Santa Claus has been taking care of Egypt, why worry about doing anything ourselves?

But Santa is old and tired. So what? Will he die? Will he retire? What will happen to us if something happens to him?

Once Santa Claus was a big thing in our individual lives. Then there came the time when we found out that we could get along without Santa Claus. We lived. We grew. We learned.

We prospered.

Egypt does not have to rely on Santa Claus. The time has come, as the nation's economy begins to slip easily back to normalcy, to flex our long unused muscles, take a few deep breaths. throw away our selfishnesses, reinforce our backbones—and move forward.

We have everything man could want in the way of God's gifts. Are we to continue to wait on Santa Claus?

He's old and tired.



Photo by Grover Brinkman, Okawville Bridge over Kaskaskia River near Venedy on State 15.

EGYPT IN THE SPRING

By JAMES O'NEIL

The beauty of Egypt in the Spring described by a lover of the great outdoors.

SPRING HAS come to the Ozarks and the bright flash of a flitting cardinal on his honeymoon, illuminates the magnificent panorama of color just breaking into its annual fresco in the Illinois footbills

The hills endlessly extending into space have for five months been drab and cheerless. Today, they are unfolding with all their age-old beauty.

While yet the wind is raw and the weather cold, the daffodils and jonquils bravely push their bright-yellow petals out of the ground. They are the pioneers, the first harbingers. Scattered throughout the woodlands of the Shawnee National Forest, these bright oases tell a tale of past history. Some lonely housewife planted these brilliant perennials around her humble cabin. The woman has long since died. The cabin has rotted away, but the jonquils continue to dominate with beauty for a fortnight, the area once sacred as a home.

Then peach orchards unfold their deep pink blossoms, and in perfect rows, the glory of color

extends over the landscape.

The willow and sassafras buds swell and burst in their yellowish-green petals. The red maple buds open with their crimson tints like

drops of blood.

Wild crab apple, the hawthorne or haw, the wild plum, the wild pear, and service berry spread their white petals in brilliant array, studding the hills like the stars in the sky on a cold, frosty night.

The redbud (Judas tree) unfolds with all its carmine splendor. Everywhere, the brilliant col-

oring is reflected from the distant hills.

As the buds on the apple trees swell, the ap-

ple orchards burst into a mass of color.

The flowering dogwood with its beautiful four-petaled ivory blossoms, fragile as a lily's,

comes into bloom.

Then the oak, beech, black gum, sweet gum, hickory, maple, tulip poplar, and cottonwood spray the hillside with a green, varying from the slight tint of the willow to the deep emerald green of the 25,000 acres of pine plantations. Scattered throughout are the white blooms of the dogwood and the crimson hue of the redbud, like precious pearls and brilliant rubies, gleaming on the gnarled old hand of mother nature.

Spring in all its glory has come to Egypt.

The highways are open—the back roads are

in good shape.

There is much of a historical nature in this oldest section of Illinois. Here, the pioneers from the mountains of Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Carolinas met the eastern immigrants, who drifted down the Ohio in flat bottom boats 150 years ago.

Here Lincoln, Ingersoll, and Logan sojourned.

The Shawnee National Forest nestles between the Ohio and the Mississippi rivers. It is a great outdoor paradise of 800,000 acres, containing innumerable surprises for the laity.

At the junction of Illinois highways 1 and 13, State 1 winds down among the hills, past the Old Slave House, where the slaves were housed while they worked in the nearby salt works, and past the old Salt Springs, where the Indian evaporated the water for the saline crystals. Eight miles south of the junction, a graveled road winds southwest into Pounds Hollow, a recreational area with a beautiful little mountain lake, gleaming between the tree-clad hills. Following along this graveled road in a southwesterly direction, memorial plantations of pine line the road. Here the Daughters and the Sons of the American Revolution and the American Legion Auxiliary have planted pine trees. These trees, now about 10 years old, are 4 inches in diameter and over 15

Continuing along this road to the Karbers Ridge road, turn west and follow the Karbers Ridge road past pine plantations to State 34. Turn north on State 34 to Herod, then swing westerly on a graveled road to Williams Hill Tower. road undulates and weaves like a mighty serpent. Williams Hill is 1060 feet above sea level and the second highest point in Illinois. At Williams Hill a giant steel tower pierces the sky for one hundred feet. In dry weather, the alert lookout scans the horizon every fifteen minutes, watching for a thin wisp of smoke. He is an eye of the His alidade records the aziprotection force. muth of the fire, and the phone relays the message to the dispatcher, who sends a fire fighting crew to extinguish the blaze.

Beyond Williams Hill is Burden Falls, a cataract with a twenty-foot drop. Here the purple violet peeps out between the moss, while anem-

ones and buttercups sprinkle the landscape with color.

Westward from Burden Falls, the McCormick steel tower looms like a beacon. This tower sits in the midst of some five hundred acres of pine plantations. A mile south of the tower, the road turns to the west to Bell Smith Springs. This is one of the most beautiful areas in Illinois. Steep rock cliffs and sandstone ledges dripping with moisture loom up out of the canyon's twilights. A natural bridge caused by the erosion by water is only one of its attractions. Wild flowers grow in profusion. Later in the year, the wild rose with its delicate coral petals will spray color all over the area. Deer frequently are seen stepping daintily out of the deep woods to drink of the clear water gurgling between the rocks.

South of Bell Smith Springs is the 1400-acre memorial plantation of the Illinois Federated Women's Clubs. On this plantation, planted in 1936, today, the loblolly pine are 10 inches in dia-

meter and almost 40 feet tall.

Just south of the Women's Club plantation is Eddyville and the new Illinois State Highway, Route 163. This road is not yet paved but will

be completed some time this summer.

Following the forest highway out of Eddyville, it is ten miles to State 146. Turn west on State 146. The old river town of Golconda is at the junction of Miller and Lusk creeks and the Ohio River. West on State 146, past green-clad hills, where fat white-face cattle browse on the lush spring grasses, it is fifteen miles from Golconda to the Grantsburg swamp. This is the unique area in Southern Illinois.

Once the entire country from Paducah to Grantsburg was a vast cypress swamp. Drainage dried up the area, and about seven hundred acres are all that are left of this vast swamp. It is gradually drying up, but whenever a species or condition tends to change, Nature seems to endow the condemned species with excess strength and vigor to withstand the onslaught of time. So it is with the Grantsburg swamp. Here is found the greatest variety of tree species in all Illinois.

Scene at Bell Smith Springs

Photo from the V. W. Rathbone collection





Egyptian Key Photo

Red Bud near Ranger's cottage on top of Williams Hill

Cypress, tupelo, sweet gum, cottonwood, black cottonwood, red maple, box elder, silver maple, swamp white oak, swamp chestnut oak, pin oak, cherry bark red oak, bur oak, overcup oak, willow oak, honey locust, water locust, American elm, slippery elm, rock elm, green ash, pumpkin ash, white ash, willow of many species, crataegus, catalpa, and many others thrive. Skunk cabbage, Johnnie-jump-ups and varicolored swamp flowers of orchid nature are scattered among the moss. Lazy cottonmouths doze on limbs or logs in the sun. The swamp rattler squirms away into the bushes at the least disturbance. The vicious and impudent copperhead is more apt to stand his ground than slink aside. Opossum, coon, gray and red foxes, gray and fox squirrels can be seen frequently.

The Grantsburg swamp will be a delight to

any naturalist or lover of the outdoors.

Nine miles west of Grantsburg is the inter-

section of US 45 and State 146.

Throughout the hills, moss-covered stones frame the stream beds and the clear cold water swirls past them purling with music of liquid silver in its eagerness to meet with the great Ohio River.

In the Shawnee National Forest, the scars of the past are healing. The streams are clearing up and flowing longer each year. The game and fish are more plentiful. The drab hills are once again covered with the emerald green of growing trees. Wild flowers and blossoming trees and shrubs spread a spring panorama of beauty over all outdoors.

Mills and factories are humming, sawing the logs cut from the annual growth of the forest into products of trade ranging from mine props to whiskey barrels.

At old Fort Ascension (Fort Massac), where George Rogers Clark first asserted American supremacy, the magnificient magnolia with its captivating beauty is gleaming on almost every lawn

in Metropolis.

The highways are open—nature's annual riot of color is in full bloom. The oldest settlements in Illinois have bedecked themselves with garments that rival Sheba's wardrobe. No other place has such pristine beauty as do the Ozarks in the spring. The glory of Egypt returns again to these ancient and beautiful hills.

THE GOSHEN ROAD

By BARBARA BURR HUBBS

The road used by many of the pioneers who crossed the Ohio River at Shawneetown to enter the new country.

GOSHEN, the land of plenty allotted to the Israelite shepherds in Egypt, exempt from the plagues of Egypt, says Genesis. The region was an outpost of Lower Egypt, reached irregularly by the yearly inundations of the Nile, and evidently "the best of the land," since Pharaoh's own cattle grazed there

So ran the thoughts of the Reverend David Badgley when he and his friends rode north from the "old French towns" along the Mississippi to explore the uninhabited region we know as Madison County, Illinois. It was the year 1799. To the preacher, who had worked there three years, Illinois was a godless place. He was a Baptist, fired by a new and stern religion that saw little good in French ways.

A new landscape, unspoiled by man, removed from corrupt influence, seemed to this shepherd of souls a veritable land of promise. The luxuriant growth of grass and vegetation proved the fertility of the soil. Could Joseph's brethren have found a better home? The Badgley party went back to the settlements talking of a new Goshen.

Ephraim Conner was the first to seek a new home in this Goshen, twenty odd miles in advance of other settlements. It was during the early part of the year 1800 that this squatter built his cabin in the wilderness that lay between the future sites of Edwardsville and Collinsville. There were no neighbors to disturb him, little passing to bring news. He lived alone and liked it, and when other settlers showed an interest in his domain, Ephraim Conner moved on toward the horizon. The Goshen he left behind would be the most populous settlement in Illinois within ten years.

Samuel Judy bought the Conner "improvements" in 1801 and moved his little family north from what we know as Monroe County. This young man had a reputation as an Indian fighter that he would enhance in the border troubles incident to the War of 1812. He and his father had narrowly escaped Indian ambush on their 1788 trip down the Ohio to Illinois. Young Mrs. Judy was a daughter of John Whiteside, a Revolutionary veteran whose family became the terror of the Indians in Illinois until even Black Hawk gave up.

The Judys busied themselves with enlarging their new home, taking advantage of the new country's grasslands by starting herds of horses, cattle, hogs, and sheep. In the spring of 1802 they

Goshen Road

1809

Shortly after the Goshen Road was cut through the wilderness towns came into existence along the route. Some of the present day towns are indicated.

planted an apple orchard, the first in Madison

County

The Judy plantation began to have neighbors settled "within sound of a rifle shot." On July 24, 1802, two men were killed by Indians where Cahokia Creek emerges from the bluff. Alexander Dennis had marked out a claim at a "white walnut near the sugar camp," and was making the start toward a home with John Van Meter's help. Turkey Foot and his Pottawatomi band had been trading at Cahokia and taking most of their due in drink. On their way back to their own towns near Chicago, these Indians saw the Dennis homesite and became incensed at the constantly encroaching white man. Dennis and Van Meter were killed but the other Goshen settlers went about their chores, assured that the murder was an incident ascribable to an evilly disposed chief, not to Indian war. Some prospective settlers delayed their move into Goshen, but, in 1802, Mrs. Judy's brothers, Samuel and John Whiteside, built cabins in the uplands to the north. These homes are considered the first on the site of Edwardsville, although a town was not thought of for several years.

The Indians killed, the Indians captured, yet even captivity brought new settlers to these lands. In 1790, James Gilham was opening a new farm in Kentucky when Indians captured his wife, daughter, and two young sons. Ann Gilham and her children suffered unending hardships as the Indians marched them by roundabout ways to the Kickapoo town on Salt Creek in what is now Sangamon County, Illinois. Eventual word reached James Gilham in Kentucky, he sold his improvements, and set out to purchase his family. He was successful, and the reunited Gilhams lived out their lives happily. But Ann would not walk back to Kentucky, James admired the fertile prairies of Illinois, and by 1805, the third of James Gilham's brothers had joined him in building homesteads in the Goshen settlement.

Among the families that journeyed into the

new land and found it good was that of Robert Reynolds. His nineteen-year-old son wrote years later:"When my father arrived in Goshen [in the spring of '08] it was the most beautiful country I ever saw. It had been settled only a few years, and the freshness and beauty of nature reigned over it to give it the sweetest charms." So testified the Old Ranger, Governor of Illinois, John Reynolds, who worked and hunted on the bluffs and prairies of Goshen until he began law practice in 1814. He recalled the pioneer pleasures: the house raisings, the working bees, muster day at Cahokia for the Goshen men, the first camp meeting held in Illinois, a horse race near Sam Judy's house on the Fourth of July, 1808. Two camp meetings were held during the summer of 1804, one in Goshen, the other at Shiloh church near Belleville. Both were notable for preaching by Jesse Walker, the circuit rider, and by William McKendree, whose name is perpetuated in the college at Lebanon.

[KEY v. 3, No. 1, p. 55.] The year of 1808 was one of great prosperity for Goshen. New homes filled the country in a way that would have amazed Ephraim Conner. "Old settlers" like Samuel Judy enlarged and improved their farms. Judy built the first brick house in the present area of Madison County, a two-story mansion. The New Madrid earthquake in 1811 cracked the brick walls, but the house

was standing "in good state of repair" in 1882. Citizens had time for public enterprise, as well as private success. Self sufficient as they were, some necessities they could neither grow nor contrive. Samuel Judy could make bricks of his own good earth but he had nothing from which to manufacture salt.

Salt was one of the dearest commodities that the pioneers must have. St. Louis was the customary market, but Illinois merchants with dealings as extensive as Pierre Menard's had difficulty in supplying their trade. At one time a man landed a boat at Isaac Gilham's ferry on the Mississippi and left a few barrels of salt for sale. The farmers of Goshen Settlement bought it eagerly at nine dollars a barrel. At other times as much as seven dollars was paid for a half bushel.

Salt they must have, and John Reynolds recorded their solution. "In the fall of 1808, a wagon-road was laid off from Goshen Settlement to the Ohio salt-works. This road crossed the Kaskaskia River where Carlyle is situated at present, by the Walnut Hills, and so on to the saltworks. This was in olden times called the Goshen Road." Probably John Reynolds worked on this road with the other able-bodied residents. The Indiana territorial legislature (Illinois would be

Carlyle Suspension Bridge, Carlyle, Illinois

The Illinois Department of Conservation plans to restore and preserve the bridge as a historical relic.



part of that territory until 1809) had passed laws the year before detailing means for viewing,

opening, and keeping roads.

The Goshen Road ran east through its namesake settlement, to cross Silver Creek. There was a toll bridge there a few years later, "on the road to the U.S. Salines in the southern part of the State.'

In the beginning of the Goshen Road's story, there was no improvement at the Kaskaskia River crossing, although the mail riders from Vincennes and St. Louis were routed that way after 1805. In 1812, John Hill began operating a ferry, with a block-house fort for safety. Hill's Ferry was the first name for the city of Carlyle, and the ferryman chose the same stretch of river where the suspension bridge was built half a century later.

The Walnut Hills lay in the southwest corner of what is now Marion County (then it was across the Randolph County line from St. Clair, the two counties of Illinois) with Walnut Prairie extending into what we know as Jefferson County. Goshen Road crossed this county's area where Mount Vernon would develop, then ran diagonally across the future Hamilton County, from northwest corner to southeast corner, and on to Equality, center of the United States Saline Reservation, not far from Shawneetown and the Ohio River. Road viewers in this southern stretch had a way of easing their job of finding a direct route without surveying instruments. They led a mare a day's journey away from her foal, then turned her loose. Rough blazes were cut on trees as the mare took the instinctive "bee line" back to her foal. Then the road could be opened.

The builders of the Goshen Road looked east, striving toward a place where they could obtain their necessity: salt. In the east, beyond the Ohio, men looked west, striving toward new homes and better living. Goshen became the promised land of their imagination, even as it had seemed to the Reverend Mr. Badgley ten years before. "Goshen Settlement, so called in ancient times, embraced about all the territory of Madison County and was in its early life, as it always has been, a compact, prosperous, and happy commun-

ity," wrote John Reynolds.

The west bound settlers who traveled the the name was more specifically applied to a definite political subdivision. It was Goshen Township of St. Clair County, a triangular shape including the sites of Edwardsville and Collinsville. The county line marked the southern extent of this township, a range line the east, and the meanders of Cahokia Creek formed the hypotenuse of this right-angled triangle. In 1808, this Goshen Township had to have active overseers of the poor, one of them Isaac Gilham the salt seller.

St. Clair County was reduced in 1812, by forming the new county of Madison running from the present south county line north to the "line of Upper Canada." There was still a Goshen Township, the center one of four, and the county seat was the tavern house of Thomas Kirkpatrick, whose water mill on Cahokia Creek had been rebuilt "many times before 1807," probably every time the creek flooded. It was not long until a townsite was platted nearby, the governor of Illinois Territory was honored by his name being applied to the new county seat, and Edwardsville had a land office and a state bank. The Kaskaskia newspaper carried the advertisements of Edwardsville merchants, and an invitation to "Mechanics" to settle "in Edwardsville, surrounded on three sides by the Goshen Settlement, which is one of the best in the territory [Illinois]."

Not all found their Goshen peaceful. Andrew Moore left the original settlement of the name and, in 1810, returned eastward to settle on the Goshen Road some ten miles southeast of the present site of Mount Vernon. Moore and his son were killed by Indians, at their overnight camp on Big Muddy River. Their name was given Moore's Prairie, where they had lived two years.

The Goshen Road funneled new residents into Illinois Territory at such a rate its citizens grew ambitious to have a state. They came by horsedrawn wagons, by two-wheeled ox carts, they rode horses, donkeys, and shank's mares, they pushed wheel barrows and carried their wealth on their backs. But they came, and many stayed. Not all went the length of the road, but, in 1818, when a census was taken to determine whether the Illinois population was sufficient for statehood, settlers lined the old route. It was a belt of settlement, from the Ohio at Shawneetown to the

Mississippi at Alton.

In what soon would be Jefferson County, a thickening of settlement showed where Mount Vernon would grow. At Walnut Hill, where the Kaskaskia trail crossed the Goshen route at an old Indian village, three or four white families had built their homes. Joseph Hensley was the earliest resident, the local justice of the peace, and a good stump speaker. His orchard was well set, the first of many that would blossom in the future Marion County. Captain James Creed bought the Hensley orchards a generation later, and it was in the lyceum at Walnut Hill that a farmer's club, and then the Grange was organized. Captain Creed traveled the state as a Grange organizer, probably its most prominent member in Illinois.

Carlyle, where Indians had killed traveler in 1813 and chased another across the river into the bushes, by 1818, had ambitions to be the capital of the state. The great United States road from Vincennes to St. Louis, the roads from Shawneetown and the Saline and the ferries on the Lower Ohio passed through Carlyle's main street. Then on to Edwardsville, Alton, and the

new west.

The promised land was moving toward the horizon, just as Ephraim Conner had done. But the happy name of Goshen remained in Madison County, attached to a meeting house, a school district, and the loving name old men used of their boyhood home. All across the state the generation whose fathers had traveled the Goshen Road blessed the men of Goshen who needed salt and built a road.

Idols of Egypt

XIV.—Shadrach Bond

By WILL GRIFFITH

The story of the first governor of Illinois. He had the job of starting the State on its way.

T THE NORTH edge of the town of Chester, A in Evergreen Cemetery, a granite monument erected by the State of Illinois marks the grave of the first governor of Illinois. It seems fitting that the remains of our first governor should rest forever in a spot bearing the prophetic name "evergreen."

Shadrach Bond, he of the funny name, was the first governor of Illinois. Under the Constitution of 1818, adopted when Illinois became a state, a governor could not succeed himself. For this reason Shadrach Bond served as governor only four years, but served his State well for those

years.

The Bond family originated in Ireland, in time moved to England, from where an ancestor of Shadrach emigrated to Virginia about 1660, and shortly after that moved to Maryland. At Fredericktown, Maryland, Shadrach was born November 24, 1773, the son of Nicodemus Bond and Rachel Stevenson Bond, the sixth of their ten

An uncle, also named Shadrach Bond, and frequently referred to as Shadrach Bond, Sr., was a member of the band of men who marched across Southern Illinois in 1778 under the leadership of George Rogers Clark to capture Kaskaskia, and later marched back across the northern part of what is now known as Egypt, to take Fort Sackville, at the site of Vincennes, Indiana.

In 1781, the senior Shadrach returned to the Mississippi Valley to settle. The future governor came to the American Bottom in 1794 to join his uncle. The two Shadrachs farmed on that rich fertile plain that extended from the site of the present Chester to the site of the present Alton and was called the American Bottom.

When war with England came in 1812, Shadrach Bond, Jr., enlisted as a private from Illinois Territory and was stationed at Washington, D. C. Later he was made captain and in time brevetted to a colonelcy for bravery and meritorious con-

duct.

Shadrach resigned from the armed forces in October, 1812, to take his post December 3, 1812, as the first delegate to Congress of the new Territory of Illinois. For this important service he received the wonderful salary of eight dollars per day plus mileage. Sessions averaged 140 days. The trip from Monroe County to Washington took thirty-five days, with stage coaches and riding horses the only means of travel. territorial delegate Bond did not have a vote but could speak on the floor. He secured the enactment of the first preemption law to be put on the statute books of the United States, giving the right of preemption to those persons who actually had settled the land. The passage of this law brought about more favorable conditions for settlers and caused a more rapid immigration to

Illinois Territory.

Bond resigned October 3, 1814, to become the Receiver of Public Moneys at Kaskaskia, Illinois Territory, to which post he was appointed by President James Madison. Because his new office was at Kaskaskia, Colonel Bond thought it best to live at that place. He sold his farm in Monroe County, bought land, and built a home at Kaskaskia. The Bond home was quite pretentious. An air of sociability was given by its broad verandas. The house was built of brick made by Bond on his own land, the first brick made in Illinois.

Achsah Bond



When Illinois became a state in 1818, Shadrach Bond was elected governor virtually without opposition. Ninian Edwards, the other strong man at the time in the Democratic-Republican party (the only party) in Illinois, desired to be elected Senator so backed Bond for the governorship in exchange for support from Bond of Edwards' candidacy for the Senate.

For the first two years of his term of office the state capital was at Kaskaskia and for the last two years at Vandalia. Inasmuch as the governor was not required to reside at the capital, the moving of the capital from Kaskaskia to Vandalia did not change the place of Bond's residence.

Frequently the statement is found that Shadrach Bond was not much of a governor. That is a point that well can be debated. He was the first governor of Illinois. The first one to do anything has to blaze the trail, has problems to worry with that none of his successors or followers have to face. If he does not beget confidence, if his foot slips, if he is incompetent and starts off on the wrong foot, the project fails or limps along badly for awhile.

Illinois made a good start as a state. In debt at the start, Governor Bond was able to report to the second session of the general assembly when the State was two years old, that it was free of debt (the territorial debt having been paid), and

had a sizeable balance in the treasury.

Those were not the days of billion dollar budgets. The total receipts for Bond's term as governor were \$115,558.92, with total expenditures of \$82,800.25, leaving a balance in the treasury when he went out of office of \$32,788.67. The governor's salary was \$1,000 per year; that of the secretary of state, \$600; auditor, \$700; treasurer, \$500; and attorney general, \$250. Judges of the Illinois Supreme Court received \$1,000 per year.

Following his inauguration as governor October 6, 1818, Bond, in his first message to the general assembly, recommended a revision of some laws, spoke of education as important, advised leasing the salt springs of Gallatin County for revenue, and stressed the importance of a canal to connect Lake Michigan with the Illinois

River.

Governor Bond as the first governor had the honor of ordering the first great seal of the State. In his written order he made no recommendations except that it be larger than the territorial seal.

On December 4, 1820, Bond recommended to the general assembly the establishment of a "sem-

inary of learning.

Under the Constitution of 1818, the governor appointed the secretary of state. Bond made an excellent appointment when he named Elias Kent Kane* as the first secretary of the state. Many historians give credit to Kane for steering the governor through the trials of that first term. Beyond doubt all the state papers signed by Bond were composed by Kane. The first governor did not have much education, having attended only an elementary school. His handwriting was

very poor. A user of very bad grammar, he also was an atrocious speller. In one letter written by him the word "character" was spelled "corrector.

William H. Brown in his Early History of Illinois, says of Bond, "to a considerable degree

Governor Shadrach Bond



destitute of the advantages of education but, possessing a strong mind, and a popular address, [he] was successful in the administration of the duties of his office. His state papers were usually attributed to his secretary of state."

Theodore C. Pease, Illinois historian described Bond as a "colorless figure of gentility." Regardless of any lack of color, Bond carried the burden for the first four years without any severe criticism, without any scandal, and turned over to his successor a going concern with a wellfilled treasury. In general, Bond is characterized as a plain, honest man and his administration as a simple and honest one. Surely not much more could have been expected from the first governor.

Shadrach Bond married a distant cousin, Achsah Bond, November 27, 1810, at Nashville, Tennessee. Achsah was the daughter of Thomas Bond III and his wife Catherine Fell Bond. The groom brought his bride to Monroe County to the New Design settlement, where they started married life in a log cabin he had built.

Mrs. Bond was a very personable woman, of strong character, who was most helpful to her husband in his public life. When Shadrach was elected territorial delegate to Congress, Achsah, with the help of some Negro servants, sheared sheep, washed, carded, and spun the wool, wove it into broadcloth, and made her husband a suit of clothes in which to appear in Washington.

At one time when conditions were such that Shadrach wanted her in Washington with him, she made the journey alone from Monroe County to Washington on horseback. It was necessary for her to pass through parts of the country where roving bands of Indians were attacking travelers, but she made the long trip unharmed.

While in Washington, Bond had his portrait painted by the noted artist, Charles Stuart. This painting and one of Mrs. Bond, done at the same time by Stuart, are owned by the Chicago His-

torical Society.

Shadrach Bond either farmed or held public office. He first was elected to his uncle's seat in the territorial legislature in May, 1805, and in 1808, succeeded John Hay in the Territorial Legislative Council or upper house. Again stepping into his uncle's footprints, he succeeded him as presiding judge of the court of common pleas for St. Clair County, in 1808. After his retirement as governor, Bond returned to his farm but continued to take an active interest in politics. He campaigned for Jackson, and, in 1824, was a candidate for Congress but was defeated by Daniel Pope Cook* by a large vote. Probably Bond was defeated by Cook for two reasons. Cook was an orator and Bond was not. Cook was a strong antislavery man, and Bond, although he had mortgaged his lands to free his slaves before Illinois had become a state, did not succeed in impressing the voters as an anti-slavery man.

In 1825, Bond was appointed Register of the Land Office at Kaskaskia, which office he held until his death. This was the best office he ever held from the standpoint of remuneration, the

salary being \$3,000 per year.

Not successful in his efforts to get the legislators interested in the project, Bond became one of the original incorporators, in 1825, of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. Bond was one of the original incorporators of the City and Bank of Cairo in 1818.

His continued interest in farming is evidenced by awards won. The Illinois Agricultural Society, organized in 1819, with Morris Birkbeck† as president, and Edward Coles as secretary, gave Bond, in 1823, the premium for the best exhibit of homespun cloth.

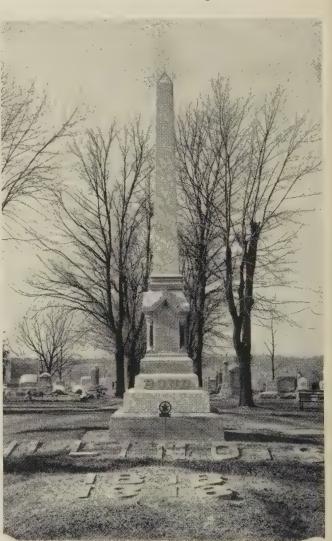
Shadrach was a good-looking man. He stood six feet in height, and in middle age weighed two hundred pounds. He had long, glossy, black hair, hazel eyes, and a dark complexion.

Bond was a social-minded person. He liked racing and hunting—in fact was a true sportsman. He enjoyed people and liked to entertain. Just a few weeks after he brought his bride to Monroe County, he told her they were to have an "infare." In response to her question he explained that an infare was a social entertainment to which you invited your friends. Bond had many friends in Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri.

Since the distance they necessarily had to travel was great, and roads poor, most of them came by horseback or buggy and remained for several days. Bond enjoyed the infare greatly, but Achsah who had not wanted it from the first, could not down her Methodist conscience, and accept the drinking, singing, and card playing.

The men of means in the French settlements along the Mississippi were noted for their hospitality. Nicholas Jarrot, of Cahokia, John Reynolds, Ninian Edwards, and Bond loved conviviality and the reports of the times tell of their gambling at cards many nights by the light of candles.

Governor Bond was a simple man who did



Bond Monument, Evergreen Cemetery, Chester

not believe in "putting on the dog." At the time he was inaugurated a grand inaugural ball was suggested only to be vetoed emphatically by Bond. His inauguration probably was the simplest in the history of Illinois.

Shadrach Bond was a member of the Masonic Lodge at Kaskaskia, serving a term as Worshipful Master. When the first grand lodge of Illinois was organized at Vandalia in 1822, Bond was elected its first Grand Master.

^{*}Egyptian Key, Vol. 2, No. 5. † Egyptian Key, Vol. 2, No. 2.

Shadrach and Achsah were the parents of seven children. Two daughters died in early girlhood. The five who grew to maturity were: Julia Rachel, who married Francis Swanwick of Chester; Mary Achsah, who married Joseph B. Holmes, of Chester; Isabella Fell, who married James P. Craig; Thomas Shadrach, who never married and who lived in Chester until his death; and Benjamin Nicodemus who married Mary Esther Jones. Benjamin became a physician and started his practice of medicine at Chester.

Bond County was named for Shadrach Bond long before he was elected governor. The drive leading to the Adler Planetarium on the lake front in Chicago has been named Achsah Bond

Drive.

The only dramatic episode in Bond's life occurred in 1808. He and Rice Jones quarreled during the campaign preceding a special election. Bond felt himself insulted and challenged Jones to a duel. They met on an island in the Mississippi River. After the duelists had taken their places but before the word "Fire" had been given, Jones' pistol was discharged. Bond's second, Doctor James Dunlap of Kaskaskia, claimed that Jones had fired prematurely and that his principal, Bond, therefore was entitled to a shot before

Jones could fire again. Bond magnanimously accepted Jones' statement that it was an accidental discharge of a hair-trigger and declined to take the advantage. As a result of this discussion each duelist became aware of the better points in the character of his opponent, the duel was called off, and bloodshed averted.

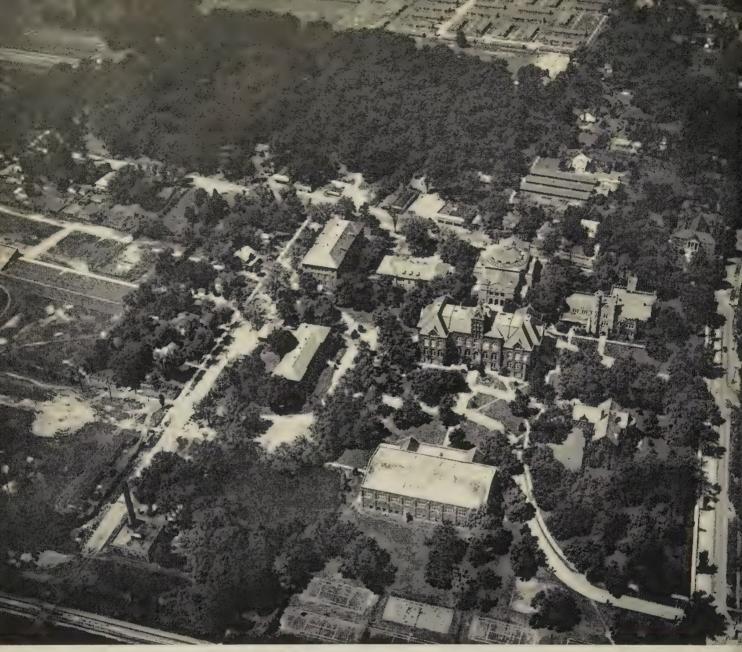
Doctor Dunlap became incensed over the matter and, in December of the same year, shot Jones' son from behind and without warning, making it a plain case of murder. Bond was not blamed for this sequel to the duel, but it did turn Ninian Edwards against him, Ninian not having been any too friendly before the occurrence.

At the age of fifty-nine, Shadrach Bond contracted pneumonia and died April 14, 1832, the first governor of Illinois to die. His wife, Achsah, lived until February 29, 1844, dying at the age of sixty-nine.

When the waters of the Mississippi River began to cover the first capital of Illinois, the bodies of Shadrach and Achsah Bond were moved from Kaskaskia to Evergreen Cemetery at Chester, Randolph County, where, in 1883, the State of Illinois erected a monument over the grave of the first governor of Illinois, Shadrach Bond.

Bridge over Mississippi River at Chester, showing railroad, river, and highway transportation lanes

Photo Hutson's Studio, McLeansboro



Airview of Campus of Southern Illinois University

DIAMOND JUBILEE 1874-1949 Southern Illinois University

SOUTHERN'S EIGHTH PRESIDENT

Delyte Wesley Morris was born April 11, 1907, at Xenia, Illinois, the son of C. C. and Lillie Mae Brown Morris. The Morris and Brown families had resided in Clay County for several generations.

Delyte Morris attended the public schools at Xenia and was graduated from the Harter Stanford Township High School at Flora in 1924. He continued his formal education at Park College, Parkville, Missouri. At this self-help college Morris majored in speech and English, and was graduated in 1928.

The next two years were spent teaching history, algebra, and public speaking in the high school at Sulphur, Oklahoma.

His first college job was as instructor in public speaking and director of men's forensic activities at the University of Maine starting his five years' work there in 1930. He completed his work for a Master's degree in 1934.

Leaving the University of Maine in 1935, Morris enrolled at the University of Iowa where he completed his Doctor of Philosophy degree in June, 1936, majoring in speech and psychology.

He served as chairman of the speech department in the Junior College of Kansas City, Missouri, for two years, leaving in 1938 to become chairman of the speech department and director of the Special Education Clinic at Indiana State Teachers College, Terre Haute, Indiana. His work in the Special Education Clinic was with handicapped children.

After eight years at Indiana State Teachers College, Doctor Morris moved to Columbus, Ohio, where he was professor of speech and director of the Speech and Hearing Clinic. He left this post to become president of Southern Illinois University, September 10, 1948.

In the nine months Doctor Morris has served as president of Southern, Egyptians have learned to know him and his gracious and charming wife, whom he married in 1930, and their two sons, Peter and Michael.

In the relative short time he has been president of Southern he has united Egypt behind the school, has kindled the fires of enthusiasm in the student body, and gained the loyalty and

support of the faculty.

At the inaugural luncheon, University Professor E. G. Lentz, speaking for the faculty expressed the hope of all Egyptians who have met Doctor Morris when he said, "We hope there will not be another inauguration at Southern in this generation."

President D. W. Morris

Photo Grindle Studio, Carbondale



Mrs. D. W. Morris and sons Peter and Michael





FROM UNDER THE UMBRELLA

POR MANY years, almost three-quarters of a century, I have stood alongside of my sister to the east of Old Main on the campus of Southern.

Boys and girls have strolled by us arm in arm, have returned years later to bring their children to sit on the stone wall that surrounds us. Those sons and daughters have in turn, again years later, brought their children to make our acquaintance.

Through the snows of winter, the rains of spring, the heat of summer, and the haze of autumn, we have stood securely sheltered by our umbrella. Many are the tales we could tell. Some that have been entrusted to us we will keep locked securely within us. Some of the others I am persuaded to relate.

"Old Main," as the tall brick building immediately west of us is called fondly today, was built in 1886. The original building of the university had been completed in 1874, upon the establishment of the school. An act of the Illinois General Assembly, approved March 6, 1869, created Southern Illinois Normal University. The first building erected was dedicated July 1, 1874. When it burned in 1883, the citizens of Carbondale furnished temporary quarters for the school until the legislature granted funds with which to rebuild. Thus Old Main came into being.

The powers that be thought some esthetic contribution should be erected on the campus of such a fine university. Thus we came to grace the lawn just east of that first building. There we have stood through all these years.

We know very little about the days before we were brought to the campus; just what we have heard as the many thousands have strolled by or have stopped to sit on the rim of the little pool that surrounds us. But you would be surprised to know all that we know about Southern.

Doctor Allyn was the first president of the university, remaining in that capacity until 1892, when at the age of seventy-five he retired from active service. Many of today's students, when they refer to the Allyn Building, have no realization of the merit and worth of that first president. His hand was the one that steered the infant school through the shoals of childhood and adolescence

I can remember clearly the dedication in 1896, of the building with the towering stone battlements that you today call the Old Science Building. Its architecture is outmoded, its rooms outgrown, its facilities deficient, but it stands closest to the entrance gate and still is a favorite subject for photographers.

Professor John Hull succeeded Doctor Allyn, serving as president just one year, resigning to accept the presidency of the State Normal School at River Falls, Wisconsin. How proud the faculty and student body were of that exhibit of the school at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893. That exhibit, directed by President Hull, attracted the attention of educators over the entire country. It was Southern's first bid for fame.

Under the leadership of President Everest

for the next four years, the science building, a gymnasium, and a museum were erected.

In 1874, so I have been told, when President Allyn selected his first faculty, he placed Daniel B. Parkinson in the chair of natural philosophy and chemistry. He became registrar in 1892. I remember the day in 1897 when the news spread around that Doctor Parkinson had been named president to succeed Doctor Everest, who had resigned. For sixteen years, President Parkinson directed the school, retiring in 1913. We recalled, just a few weeks ago, the many delightful years on the campus under President Parkinson, when we heard faculty members mention as they walked by that Mrs. Parkinson had just passed away at the age of ninety-two.

Professor Henry W. Shryock, who had been on the campus since 1893, succeeded Doctor Parkinson as president. The former teacher of literature and English was a strong dynamic man who was prone to call faculty meetings at seven o'clock in the morning. Faculty members grumbled as they passed us, wondering if the president set such unearthly times for the meetings just to see how many would appear on time. But grumble as they would, they, just the same, would

fight for him if necessary.

Every student of Southern in those days was delighted if President Shryock felt the urge to read some poetry at chapel. A master of the art of declamation, a serious student of English literature, he had a deep and lasting influence on his student body. Many a boy has sat on our little wall and attempted, in the security of the great outdoors, to recite some poem in the Shryock manner.

On the morning of April 11, 1936, (how well

I remember) we felt the excitement just about chapel time. Alas, President Shryock had suffered a heart attack in his office, and died a few minutes later.

"Do I remember only the presidents?" you ask. "Oh, no."

I remember many things, the bats in the attic of Old Main, the trip to Mexico of Mac's basketball team, the erection of the new gymnasium, the boys who served in three wars, the Spanish-American, and World Wars I and II.

I recall the old football field, Bayliss Field, named for a former superintendent of public instruction, and I recall the passing of Bill Mc-Andrew and the naming of the new stadium in his honor.

The sixth president of Southern was Roscoe Pulliam whose term extended from 1935 to March, 1944, when he died. Roscoe, as his friends knew him, was a popular president. Full of pep, with a pleasing personality, he envisioned a great uni-

versity at Carbondale.

No one ever has asked me if I knew about the past of the school. I did, for I had heard discussions all around us for years. The Illinois legislature had created Southern Illinois Normal University. Because there was a dearth of school teachers in Egypt, the first years of the school's life were devoted to that phase of education. Later, a military course was set up, but force of circumstances, and the desires of some of the leaders of the school, brought about a concentration on teacher training, with the result that the school that originally had been set up as a university, became virtually, a training school for teachers.

President Pulliam saw the need for a re-

S. I. U. National Basketball Champions, 1946

Photo Grindle Studio, Carbondale

10 11 17 16 4 15 Old Science Building





Academic procession entering Shryock Auditorium

Erma Douglas, 1948 Homecoming Queen with Japanese magnolia blossoms on S. I. U. Campus



gional university. One day, he dropped down alongside of us and sat in the shade for more than an hour discussing with himself, and with us his only listeners, his ideas and plans for a better and larger university.

By that time the school had grown from its original enrollment of 396 to 2,181 in 1940, just before World War II. Anyone in our position could note the growth. Many more feet scuffled past us, many more couples snatched a moment alongside of us, many more dignified (and some not so dignified) professors walked past us, some hurrying to get to their classes on time, some

just out for a relaxing stroll.

Today, as I look upon our large student body of more than three thousand, I recall those early days when both Southern and we were young. Few persons had enough faith in Egypt to envision such a school as we now have. Few could see the growth that would ensue, the faculty that would be needed, the grounds and buildings necessary. If such foresight could have been found, perhaps today, I might tell an even better story of faithful work and successful achievement by our favorite university.

For nine months following Doctor Pulliam's death the affairs of the school were looked after by Doctor Bruce Merwin, of the faculty, who served as acting president. In January, 1945, Doctor Chester F. Lay took over the direction of the university and continued as president until his resignation in August, 1948. He was succeeded by Doctor D. W. Morris, who today is busy working for the enlargement of the University. I can tell from the chatter of both students and faculty as they pass by, that Doctor Morris has won their confidence and esteem.

Yes, I remember many things that have taken place on the campus. The annual bonfire when the Freshmen take the Ephebic oath; the excitement and holiday granted because Southern's basketball team won the national championship at Kansas City in 1946.

More than forty years ago, I recall a young country lad, a freshman, standing alongside of the stone wall that surrounds us and wondering aloud where the water came from that spouted out of the top of our umbrella. I saw him frequently for more than a third of a century, as he served his alma mater as a member of the faculty.

Not everything that I remember is a pleasant memory. For years we had worn what we thought were appropriate and artistic coats. Then one day some rude workman started to give us new coats. The effect is very unattractive to our minds. I am certain the art department does not approve of our present dress. I still hope that some day some one will do something about it. Really, we are very unhappy over our "new look."

During World War II, a training corps of air cadets was established at Southern and for many months callow youths clad in olive drab paraded across the campus. Bright, clean lads, soon to serve their country in the air. The ex-

citement and glamour of war were upon us. We worried considerably over those who, we knew.

would give their lives.

Two things gave us a thrill while the cadets were here. One was to hear some young man from Brooklyn, or Texas, or Maine, talk as he walked by us. The different brogues, the different racial stocks, and the different ideas of these young air cadets drawn from all over the United States gave a most unusual and cosmopolitan air to our campus.

And then each evening at sunset, as I heard the clear notes of the bugle, I knew that the ceremony of lowering the colors was taking place around the flagstaff directly to the north of Old

Main.

I can recall the building of the new gym, of Anthony Hall, and the Parkinson Laboratory. Each spring we enjoy the star magnolia that blossoms so fulsomely at the corner of Wheeler Library. In fact, the campus must be a beautiful sight each spring with its magnolias and other flowering shrubs.

And what a thrill there was on the campus in 1947, when the word came that Southern had had the word "Normal" deleted from its name and was to be a real university in name as well as in deed. I recall the banner of one of the floats of that year's Homecoming—"We'll never be

Normal again."

Shryock Auditorium was built in 1918 and for many months was a place of interest. It was the finest auditorium in all Egypt. Many nights we have heard the best of music pour out through its doors and windows, as some of the great artists of the world appeared in concert.

We have noted how many of our young people have studied at Southern and then continued at that same school, or at least returned to it

in a few years, as faculty members.

We have seen the youth of Egypt come to the campus, sometimes with the flavor of the farm upon them; have watched them develop through the four years they walked past us; and then, years later, have learned that they had become great surgeons, prominent educators, big industrialists, or famous writers. Southern has done a good job through the years.

Each June we have seen the formation of the academic procession with its many colors of hoods on the gowns of the faculty members, waiting to march into the auditorium for the annual com-

mencement exercises.

I have seen governors, presidents of the nation, important military and civil leaders, sports celebrities, and almost a cross section of our nation walk across our campus, but I must confess my greatest love has been for the young people of Egypt who have come to Southern to prepare for their lifework.

I hope that no one in authority will decide that we are too aged, obsolescent, antiquated, or old-fashioned, and decree that we must be removed and retired. We are sentimental about Southern and its campus and hope that Southern

is sentimental about us.

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FORT DEFIANCE

By GUYLA WALLIS MORELAND

The great fort that kept Illinois from invasion in the early days of the Civil War.

On May 10, 1861, less than a month after Fort Sumter was fired upon, Cairo, Illinois, was one great military camp known as Camp Defiance.

Camp McAllister on the Ohio bend of the levee guarded from a surprise attack from upstream. Camp Smith on the Mississippi bend of the levee and Camp Houghtaling three miles up the Mississippi guarded against attack by way of the Mississippi.

At the point where the two great rivers meet a single piece of artillery was mounted. This cannon had been used to greet arriving boats as far back as 1848. A single track of the Illinois Central Railroad ran down the levee to the point.

C. D. Irvus, writing in Harper's Weekly in

the issue dated June 1, 1861, stated:

"The camp is now in an unfinished condition. Improvements are, however, rapidly going on; and in the course of a week or so it will present a good and comfortable appearance. A line of sentries are posted along the Levee, on the Mississippi side, some twenty miles up the Levee. All boats are stopped, and a strict search made, and all articles destined for the Confederacy are overhauled and 'halted.' There are four regiments stationed here now, with about thirty or forty pieces of artillery. Six forty-pounders arrived this A. M. Colonel B. M. Prentiss was yesterday elected Brigadier-General, and is already in command of the Camp.

"We think that, with the present force, this point can be held against all that can be brought against it. A secessionist has been arrested and is now in the guard-house. He was acting the part of spy, and will probably be hung.

"Camp Defiance, Cairo, Ill., May 10, 1861." Alexander Simplot in a dispatch dated May 31, 1861, and published in Harper's Weekly dated June 22, 1861, says:

"Inclosed please find a sketch of the heavy ordnance received at Cairo, May 28, 1861. The army here have lately received three 32-pounders, three 24-pounders, a howitzer, and an 8-inch mortar and were yesterday mounting and putting them in position. They are formidable-looking instruments, and have proved a great source of argumentation among the soldiers as to their relative qualifications of doing mischief. The general opinion, however, on the subject seems to be that they are 'some.'

"Naturally their arrival caused quite an excitement among the military, and a shout went up as they rolled into the lines, doubtless as noisy as that they are destined to emit from their iron

"In connection with this, I send you another representing the demolition of the Distillery on the Point, directly at the confluence of the two rivers. This point commands the rivers in all directions, and is to be and is now being strongly fortified. The building represented in the sketch interfering with the proposed fortifications, had to be taken down. The soldiers apparently enjoyed the fun amazingly, and working at it with a will, soon razed it with the ground.

From The Official Record of the War of the Rebellion in Western Waters, Volume 22, Page 788, we take the following extract from a communication from Major General Pillow to L. P. Walker, of Memphis, Tennessee, dated June 20,

"If the president has not yet ordered the McRae up, let it be done as promptly as possible. They have an armed steam tug at Cairo that is sweeping the river above my batteries, seizing all the steamboats, completely controlling everything out of reach of my batteries. They, tonight, seized the steamer Kentucky belonging to



Placing heavy Ordnance in position at Fort Prentiss

Drawn by Alex Simplot for Harper's Weekly, June 22, 1861

(All drawings with this article reproduced through courtesy of Cairo Public Library)

this city. We cannot approach the Missouri shore, and yet my government has just approved of my purpose to go forward to the relief of Missouri. I must have the support of the Corinth forces and the Arkansas troops. Give me power and I will advance to the relief of Missouri.

(Signed) Gideon J. Pillow

Army of the Tennessee."

The New York Illustrated News for June 22, 1861, carried a story of the St. Charles Hotel, Cairo, the Headquarters of General Prentiss and

the following news item:

"Public interest is directed toward Cairo, only less intently than to Harper's Ferry and Washington. Every account from that part of the U. S. presages an attack by the rebel army.

On the 7th inst., scouting parties of General Pillow's forces had arrived as far north as Island No. 1, only four miles below Cairo. The southern troops are moving up rapidly on both sides of the Mississippi River and with the evident design of making an attack on Cairo. The troops there are ready to receive them, and we must not be surprised at any moment now to hear of a decisive engagement. General Prentiss, who commands the Federal armies at Cairo, having heard that the rebels had established a camp at Elliott's Mills, a point on the Kentucky side ten miles south of Cairo, sent ten companies down there on the 6th inst. to dislodge them, which they effected, the rebels having fled before them."

Fort Prentiss (later Fort Defiance.) Drawn by A. S. Leclerc for New York Illustrated News, October 7, 1861



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Marion-Carbondale-Herrin-Carterville

The October 7, 1861, issue of the New York Illustrated News carried a sketch of Fort Prentiss with the following comment:

"Fort Prentiss, just erected on the Point, at Cairo, where the Ohio and Mississippi join their

waters.

"It is a noble fortification, as Russell of the London Times, our military critic, as he sets himself to be, admits in one of his letters. A huge 64-pounder occupies the center of the fort, and as represented in the picture, has its muzzle threateningly pointed down the Mississippi.

'In front of this is the magazine, which is so heaped over with earth and in fact so well screened, that no cannon ball, shell or any other missile of destruction could avail against it. The fortifications are very simple earthworks, not a stone enters into the construction, but labor and expense have not been spared to render them impervious to any attack."

Thus there came into being at Cairo, within six months from the start of the war, one of the strong and important forts of the Union forces.

General Prentiss was succeeded in command at Cairo in September, 1861, by U. S. Grant, who remained in command there until April, 1862. The name of the fort was changed from Fort Prentiss to Fort Defiance. About twenty years after the Civil War, the St. Charles Hotel had its name changed to the Halliday House, the name it retained until it was destroyed by fire in 1943.

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Entrance to cave, Cave In Rock State Park

Historic Cave

By LAURA HARDING

A cave in the bluffs along the Ohio River that has a long story of deeds dark and deadly.

AS WITH MANY things, Egypt has an abundance of caves and caverns that invite the tourist and historian. None, perhaps, is as rich in legend and storied fact as is beautiful Cave in Rock on the Ohio River. The tales, both true and fictional, that tell the cave's history, abound in the early literature and publications of Hardin County and the surrounding area, and many of the legends still are to be heard today.

To the tourist, the park is a restful spot of quiet scenic beauty situated on a high bluff within the curve of the lower Ohio River, in Hardin County, southeasternmost county in Illinois. The cave has attracted people to it ever since it first was discovered by white men, and with the exception that much of the verdant forest growth

has been cut away, it is practically unchanged since its discovery.

The delicate red columbine still grows from the limestone cliffs above and about the cave, even as it must have since the beginning. This flower grows approximately a foot in height, and has been propagating itself for who knows how many centuries upon these beautiful cliffs.

The cave always has been so outstanding, that few of the early documents failed to give it mention. The first known reference was given by Charlevoix, an early French explorer, in *The History of New France*, 1744. Zadoc Cramer gave the first detailed description of it in his guide of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, *The Ohio and Mississippi Navigator*, 1803. It has never been

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Few of those who visit Cave in Rock today find it easy to believe some of the lurid tales connected with this peaceful spot. Frequented by river pirates, murderers, and counterfeiters, who would stop at nothing, the cave's history can equal the most thrilling detective novel of today.

The cave was an ideal lair for the river pirates, as a clear view of the river could be had from several lookout points on these cliffs. As far as is known, Samuel Mason, a Revolutionary War officer, started the outlawry that existed for years in the cave—years of plunder and murder of traders on the Ohio. Traders boated salt and produce both up and down river, usually in flatboats. The slow-moving flatboats going along the river were easy prey for the clever bandits. Mason set up a sort of hostelry which he called "Cave-Inn-Rock," with a crude sign proclaiming the desirabilities of stopping at his "Liquor Vault and House of Entertainment." From the name Cave-Inn-Rock came the present day name, Cave in Rock. It was ample lure for the river man of those days, and many fell into the clever trap. Once there, they were robbed, their cargoes confiscated, and many were killed on the spot.

After several years, Mason's murderous crew was broken up, and a band of counterfeiters took possession of the cave. Not so heartless as Mason's cutthroats, they were content to buy from unwary travelers with counterfeit money, and hasten them on their way before they discovered the trick.

The Harpe brothers, who occupied the cave for only a short time, were probably the most brutal and cold-blooded criminals who ever spent a night there. They were so savage, that even their fellow malefactors in the cave could not tolerate them, and finally forced them to leave. The two brothers, Micajah and Wiley Harpe, left a trail of gore and terror in their wake throughout Kentucky, Tennessee, and Illinois, before they finally were captured and destroyed. The number of wanton, unprovoked murders they so hideously committed is unknown, but theirs was a ghastly business. They seemed to kill for the sheer joy of it, always in some barbarous and unfeeling manner. Otto Rothert, in his Outlaws of Cave In Rock, has given their story in detail.

During the days of the outlaws there lived a family named Potts, who were members of the Cave in Rock band. They lured unlucky travelers to their house, and then killed and robbed them. According to tradition, the Potts boy left home for a number of years and finally returned, heavily bearded, and was not recognized by his family. To surprise his father and mother he kept his identity a secret. He displayed a well-filled purse. During the night the elder Potts stabbed him as he was drinking from the hillside spring. Then Potts learned he had killed his own son.

On top of the cliffs, friendly trees lend their shade to tourists who flock to Cave in Rock State Park for recreation and to indulge their curiosity. Below, halfway between the top of the bluff and

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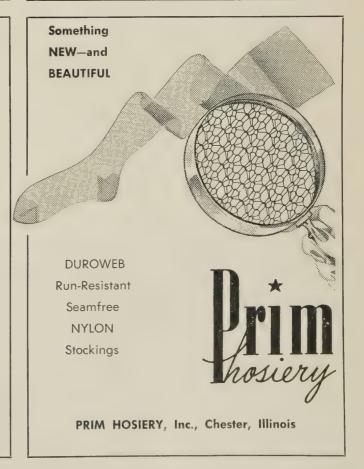
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the water's edge, when the river is at its normal stage, is the great mouth of the cave. At the entrance, the cave is 55 feet wide and 20 feet high, with a depth of 108 feet. In the cavern, wide ledges on each side give the impression of broad stony shelves. There is a secondary cave reached through an opening in the cave's ceiling, which is large enough to accommodate a man.

C. C. Kerr, of Cave in Rock, an authority on the cave, states that the Ohio River in front of the cavern is an approximate three-fourths of a mile wide and about ninety feet deep. In the 1937 flood the water rose above the mouth of the cave. Its water line still is visible.

Along a narrow winding sand path, that encircles the bluff, and in the cave itself, names have been printed, painted, and carved on the limestone cliff walls. Some are found even on the cave ceiling, although there is no apparent way of reaching it. Even the early travelers wished to leave a record of their visits, for names are found with dates preceeding the Civil War.

Several relics have been found in the vicinity, among them a small statue resembling an idol. It is thought by some archeologists that the cave was used by the Indians as a sacrificial temple. This theory is upheld by the fact that several burial mounds have been opened in the area, and have been found to contain many skeletons—witnesses of mass burials. They may have been the victims of some plague or famine, but the former theory appeals to the imagination, and as yet, neither can be proven.

Scientists have not been able to establish definitely how the cave came to be. Apparently some great force of water in prehistoric time eroded the cavern. Some persons believe that the cave is only a part of a system of subterranean caves hollowed out by some underground river in bygone days, and that some upheaval has brought the cave into view. Numerous sinkholes in the area nearby somewhat support this theory.

In the cave's park area swings and merry-gorounds now ring to the laughter of children as they play, while the grown people wander up and down the stone steps in the bluffs, or take pictures from precarious perches. Infamous robber bands have been replaced by awe-struck tourists.

The crypt-like cavern has looked out over the Ohio upon many strange craft, from flatboats and Indian canoes to modern steamboats and LST boats on their way to war. With the disappearance of the flatboats, and the wilderness, the motley assortment of criminals has passed into oblivion, taking their secrets with them. It is a pity some one of them could not have been indiscreet enough (or literate enough) to have written a chronicle of his deeds for present day perusal.

Who knows, but that the cave again may serve as a hiding place for bandits or a shelter for unfortunates? Come the atomic war, and the predicted return to cave dwelling—the idea may not be so extravagant as it seems. Today the cave remains a spot of tranquil beauty with little to remind us of its hectic past, and nothing to give a hint of its future uses.

EGYPTIAN STARLIGHT

X.—JOHN A. STEVENSON

An Egyptian who now heads one of the great life insurance companies of the country and is prominent in many affairs of the nation.

T TOOK forty-three years for John A. Stevenson to get his Bachelor of Arts degree from Southern Illinois University.

Recipient of several degrees of higher rank including a Doctor of Philosophy degree, Stevenson came home to Egypt to receive the belated

sheepskin.

That eleventh day of June, 1948, is one day that long will be remembered by the Stevenson boy from Union County. He came back to Egypt to deliver the commencement address at the annual exercises at Southern. Upon the completion of his speech, diplomas were awarded to the graduates of the university. No one apparently noticed in the printed list of the program any unusual After all the others of the long list of candidates had received their degrees, President Lay stepped forward and announced that the Board had accepted the two and one-half years work at Southern forty-three years earlier and a transfer of credits from Ewing College for the balance of the required work for a Bachelor's degree and was awarding that degree to John Alford Stevenson.

As his name was called by the president, the six-foot-one-inch speaker arose and had the degree conferred upon him. Given a Master of Arts degree by the University of Wisconsin, a Doctor of Philosophy degree by the University of Illinois, and the honorary degrees of Doctor of Humane Letters from Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital of Philadelphia, Doctor of Laws from Temple University, and Doctor of Literature from Ursinus College, John Stevenson came back home to Egypt to receive a Bachelor's degree from Southern. It was as he expressed it, "the greatest honor I have ever received."

The Distinguished Civilian Service Award from the Navy, highest honor conferred upon civilians by that branch of the services; the highest



honor possible to be given by the city of Philadelphia, the Medal of Merit and Citation; these two, seemed as nothing compared to that Bachelor's degree from his old school—Southern. The Union County boy was the youngest and the most pleased person on the stage.

That little ceremony in Shryock Auditorium showed why John Stevenson has been such a success in all the fields of his work. He has the ability to give and radiate enthusiasm, to be human.

yes, to be boyish.

Many in the audience that day had heard of his humble beginning, in Union County. Born at Cobden, March 1, 1886, the son of John Miles and Elizabeth Wilkins Stevenson, he financed his academic career by after-school work and summer work at the old Mesler Mill at Cobden. At the age of nineteen, upon leaving Southern in 1905, John went to the high school at Nashville, Illinois, as assistant principal. Later he was made principal. From that post he moved to Olney, Illinois, where he spent two years as high school principal and two years as superintendent of city schools. Somehow, between 1905 and 1908, he had gotten enough work at Ewing College to earn that Bachelor's degree he had never received until June, 1948.

Asked for some reminiscences of his early days in Egypt, the newly made Bachelor stated:

"I consider that Rosa Waugh was one of the finest teachers I had at Cobden High School. She was an unusually gifted Latin and English teacher. As a matter of fact, I passed my Junior year in High School by going to her for personal instruction one summer.

"It is difficult to say who was my favorite teacher, but two of the outstanding ones at Carbondale were Professor Shryock and Professor George M. Browne. Browne, as you will recall, was professor of Chemistry. C. E. Allen, professor of Latin, was also an excellent teacher.

"There is one little episode I think may be worthy of comment. When I graduated in the spring of 1905 I demonstrated the wireless telegraph in connection with my commencement address. To most people in the audience it was the first time they had ever seen wireless work. The receiving set was located in the back of the auditorium and I performed from the platform with a series of dots and dashes and bell ringings. The man in the rear carried the receiving set around with him and the audience was quite mystified with this performance, since obviously, there were no connecting wires between my sending set and his receiving set. The amusing thing about this is that my physics teacher urged that I accept the teaching responsibility rather than to try to go into wireless radio. His general theory was that it was likely to be a fad."

Holding graduate assistantships until he had earned the degrees, and permanent faculty appointments after receiving them, Stevenson worked and studied at the University of Wisconsin where he received a Master's degree in 1912, and at the University of Illinois where he was made

a Doctor of Philosophy in 1918.

Frequently, a young man has a variety of experiences that in later years stand him in very good stead when he finds his life work. Stevenson spent four years as manager of the department of music, drawing, and manual arts of Scott, Fores-

man and Company, Chicago publishers.

Never a follower of the beaten track, John had attracted national attention by his progressive and unusual methods of teaching. He pioneered in the method of teaching by demonstration, that is demonstration in actual practice. In 1919, Carnegie Institute of Technology called him to found and to serve as the first director of a new departure in educational circles—the first course of Life Insurance Salesmanship in an institution of higher learning.

In those days too many life insurance salesmen were lame ducks who had not been a success in other fields. Stevenson was among the first to do something about this condition, believing a remedy should be found rather than simply deploring the lack of a high professional status.

Always a revolutionary in his teaching methods, the young Egyptian believed in practical training along with theoretical information. He believed salesmen needed practice under competent direction and theoretical training with practical information direct from successful agents who had met and conquered the problems on "the firing line." Under Stevenson's direction a new technique of selling life insurance was developed at Carnegie Tech, based on the theory that life insurance should be sold to meet specific human needs.

He says this dates back to his childhood when one of his teachers at Cobden annoyed him by asking the children to plant corn and vegetables in a small window box. That was called "experimentation in agriculture." The thought finally became a sort of obsession with John: "Why doesn't the teacher ask us to really raise some corn and why doesn't he want us to raise chickens? That's how we could learn something really worth while." Some years later John and Carl Colvin, a technical man, collaborated on a book discussing the method of teaching, which they called Farm Projects.

Although getting far away from the field of education in his work, John ever has an interest in that field. He cannot talk long without bringing it into the conversation. He is enthusiastic

about the future for Southern.

"I have a great fondness for Southern Illi-

Practice Teachers, S. I. N. U., 1903-04

Left to right - Top - Thos. Hobbs, H. J. Beckemeyer, T. R. Ernest, Clarence Bourchier, Chas. Figley, Don Kirk. Second row - Anna Pickles, Grace Brandon, Ethel Howell, Flora Hawley, Pearl McCarthy, John A. Stevenson, Ella Schmalhousen, Fay Curtis, Willfred Forsythe. Third row - Roy V. Jordan, Raymond Parkinson, Gladys Duncan, Herbert Hays, Eva Blain, Laura Strickland, Ella Pickles, Roscoe Taylor, Lee Ozment, Floy Halstead, Mamie Spence. Front row - Don Gore, Nona Steele, Lulu Hogendobler, Robt. Teeter, Carrie Karraker, Bon Kirk, Lillian Toler, Mollie Vancil, Gay Rogers, Roy Wilkins, C. C. Hall, Hazel Smith.



nois, known as Egypt, and know that Southern Illinois University is going to perform a wonderful service to that area. I would like to call S. I. U. Egypt's Opportunity School. I went to Southern Illinois not because I was basically interested in teaching, but because it was the only place I could afford to go. We simply didn't have the money for me to spend four years at the University of Illinois. I had to go to Carbondale and graduate, and then get my education in summer schools, but if it hadn't been for the inexpensiveness of Carbondale I doubt very much whether I would have had advanced education irrespective of the fact I was tremendously ambitious to The cost averaged about do advanced work. \$250 for the three years, which would have been the cost of one year at the most inexpensive university. In view of all this, I am sure you will understand my feeling of indebtedness to Southern Illinois. I can't imagine any service the University would ask of me that I would not perform happily."

In 1920, the Equitable Life Assurance Company of the United States invited Stevenson to become its vice president in charge of salesmen's training. With his acceptance he abandoned the teaching profession. He went to the Penn Mutual Insurance Company in 1928 to head the Home Office Agency. Later he was made vice president. Since 1939 he has been president of

the company.

Although now located in the Quaker State and active in the civic and philanthropical affairs of that state and of Philadelphia, the boy from Egypt still retains a passionate love for the land of his birth. He states:

"I consider it a very great honor to have been born and reared in Southern Illinois. There one finds a mountaineer spirit that is unique, and that does something to folks. The people in Southern Illinois are not essentially different from those I have met in the mountains of Kentucky and the Ozarks of Missouri. The expressions in Southern Illinois are uniquely Elizabethan."

As one listens to John A. Stevenson he gets an impression of a large man with eyes of gray, but not the cold piercing kind of gray eyes, rather twinkling gray eyes, that say I like you and all the world. At the same time you realize that he has looked clear down into your very soul.

Of Scotch Irish lineage, he is a fine example of that pioneer stock that has made America great. The late Sam D. Stevenson of Jonesboro was a brother. Mrs. Ace Egelson, a niece, is his only relative living in Southern Illinois.

You realize as you listen and study the man that he is a person with well-rounded interests. He is still an outdoors man. Of his days when he took an active interest in scholastic sports he said:

"The competitive situation in athletics was not very great in Carbondale while I was there, although I played on the basketball, football, baseball, and track teams. I was pitcher on the baseball team, forward in basketball, half-back on the football team, and in track was most proficient in the shot, discus, and hammer. The records I

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made in the meets there would not now be competition for a senior high school performance. Following this, at Nashville and Olney I both coached and played on the baseball, football, and basketball teams."

The Stevenson home is known as "The Chimneys" at Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania. As the culmination of a campus romance, at University of Wisconsin, John married Josephine Reese, daughter of the late Doctor Joseph Reese of Chicago. They have one son, John Reese Stevenson, formerly a lieutenant in the Navy and now in diplomatic service as Assistant Naval Attache of the American Embassy in Spain.

Asked the question of what are some of his favorite foods, the answer came quickly, "Southern Illinois old-fashioned shortcake, lemon pie, salmon, and steak."

Stevenson's biography in Who's Who reads like a timetable. He has written several books on specialized subjects. His Meeting Objections and Selling Life Insurance have long been best sellers and still are used in training courses. He served on the six-man Navy Manpower Survey Board during the war. He was a member of the Executive Committee of the Naval Training Association of the United States during that same period. Other war time services included the post of chairman for the State of Pennsylvania of the War Savings Committee of the Treasury Department and vice president and member of the executive committee of the United Nations Council.

He belongs to many educational, philanthropic, civic, business, and professional organizations. Three honorary fraternities claim him, Kappa Delta Pi and Phi Delta Kappa (both educational) and Pi Gamma Nu (social science). He is a member of Sigma Nu and Phi Eta. Stevenson is a trustee of the universities of Pennsylvania, Temple, and Chicago and of George Peabody College. He is a director of the Southern Illinois University Foundation and of the Southern Illinois University Alumni Association. He is a member of several clubs and societies in Philadelphia, Chicago, New York, and Miami Beach. His executive ability has been called into service as a member of the advisory board of the Salvation Army and as a director of the Y. M. C. A.

Stevenson does not shirk his duties as a churchman. He has served as chairman of the executive committee of Ministers and Missionaries Benefit Board of the Northern Baptist Convention and is at present a member of the Board of Managers

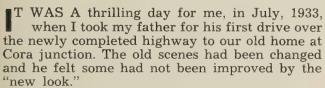
A collector of first editions, this son of Egypt who has strayed far from his native hills shows the effect of his beloved Egypt. He is a Walt Whitman enthusiast and prizes most highly a manuscript in Whitman's handwriting of his own autobiography, which he has entitled A Backward Glance on My Own Road.

If this busy man ever gets time to sit in front of a cheerful fire at the Chimneys, we know that as he reads his favorite Whitman he thinks from time to time of the hills of his native Egypt and Union County.

TALES OF THE VALLEY

By CORA BROWN ROLLO

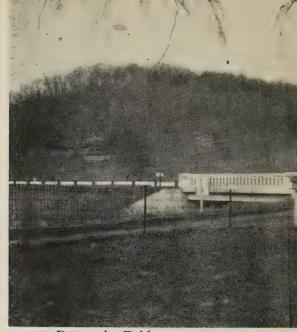
Stories of pioneer days in the Mississippi Valley
by the descendant of one of the earliest
families of the region.



I remember vividly many drives with my father in our surrey when I was a little girl. Yes, there was a fringe on the top. It was drawn by a pair of dashing, beautiful horses named "Midnight" and "Marie." It took us five hours, fifty years ago, to drive from the Jackson County courthouse on the square at Murphysboro to our home. If it were spring, the roads were rough and full of ruts; if midsummer, the roads were dusty and most of the way, very rocky. Usually, as we neared Brownsville, the first seat of Jackson County, about four miles west of Murphysboro, Father would start to reminisce. The stories he told had been handed down to him by his father, James Monroe Brown (1811-1874).

Today, the winding road leads to the "lookout" at Kinkaid Hill where a traveler can see the hazy blue Missouri Ozarks amid miles of natural beauty. To the east are the rugged bluffs of the Big Muddy River and to the south lies a beautiful valley whose color scheme changes with the seasons. Descending the hill from the "lookout," the visitor notices a rough and rocky road, the old Kinkaid trail of long ago, coming off the hillside onto the fine new highway. Furrowed with rough, rocky gravel, it has lost all semblance of the road that once led so many pioneer travelers to the southern part of the county toward "Big Hill," now called Fountain Bluff, and the village of Grand Tower.

It is difficult to describe the beauty of these hillsides when the redbud trees are blooming in profusion, interspersed with the white beauty of the dogwood and with the delicate green leaves of the sassafras for a backdrop. In the autumn, the gorgeous coloring is equally inspiring as the red and gold of the trees on the bluffs are displayed



Degognia Bridge

against the blue of the sky.

A student of Egyptian history driving this highway on an Indian summer day can see in imagination, through the haze and the mist, the smoke curling up from the Indian village of the Kaskaskias at Sand Ridge. The Kaskaskia Indians lived there as late as 1830. A historical marker by the highway tells the story.

In 1935, we left Murphysboro to make our home again in the old house at the bridge over Degognia Creek at Cora, the name by which the village has been called for many years. As there were few guests, the winter evenings in the country were long, so I took the opportunity to record many of the stories and incidents my father enjoyed relating.

Charles Brown (1853-1942), my father, was over six feet tall and weighed 240 pounds. He enjoyed his jokes and laughter. Having plenty of energy, he never grew tired of telling and retelling his stories.

"Shortly after my father located in Randolph County in the fall of 1814," Father said, "he bought a quarter section of land near old Brownsville. In 1843, on the night of January 10, the old frame courthouse burned and all the records were destroyed. The evidence of my father's deal was gone. Years later the heirs of the seller of this piece of land sued my father and, as he had no record to support his claim, he thought he would lose it. Fortunately, a good friend of my father who was visiting in Salina, Kansas, knew a man who had in his possession some old newspapers. In looking through these old papers the friend saw a notice of my father's land purchase. The paper was borrowed and sent to my father. It won the suit. It was the sole known record of the purchase.'

My father had been deeply impressed as a young man that a member of his family, George Brown, had applied at Brownsville for a marriage license and this record too, had gone up in smoke. So, of course, the Browns felt they were repre-

sented in the history of old Brownsville. These two incidents made my father an active campaigner for the new courthouse in Jackson

County, completed in 1928.

There were many interesting landmarks on the old road—Reeds Creek had a story that had clung to it since the early 1800's. This story had been deeply impressed on me as a child. If I had become a bit drowsy from our long drive, I became fully awake as we neared the neighborhood of the creek. An ominous silence seemed to settle around us. The air became cool and damp, giving us a clammy feeling. We were driving through Murderer's Hollow, out of which flowed Reeds Creek.

The story was that Emsly Jones and a man named Reed had been among the early pioneers who with their families had ventured east of Degognia Creek to settle. Reed settled near the creek which later was named for him. Jones located in the bottoms near a pond which became

known as Jones Pond.

The two men had been friends and had moved together from the old settlement in Randolph County. Reed was said to be a good man, but for some reason Jones became angry with him on a visit to his home, and killed him. Jones took refuge on what is called Walker's Hill, east of Grand Tower. He was arrested there and taken to Kaskaskia, tried, found guilty, and hanged. He was the first white man hanged for murder in Jackson County, which was then part of Randolph County. Today, the creek flows placidly through the fields, and few who pass know the story.

From Reeds Creek, the old trail follows closely along the base of the hills for five or six miles to the county line. In the distance is the famous Government Hill, which seemingly stands guard over the valley below. Government engineers had established this point as the highest point along the Mississippi River bluffs between East St. Louis and Cairo. It is an event for the traveler to climb to the top, where he can behold a breath-taking view of the country to the south with the Mississippi River in the background defining the shores of Missouri.

There is a big flat rock with carvings on it that lies beside the road leading up to Austin Hollow, as it was known years ago. Today the rock may be seen only a half mile from State 3 on

State 151. It is known as Footprint Rock.

Just around the turn of the highway, a road leads up a steep hill to the north. It long has been known as Haig Hill. This winding, narrow road leads to the site of the old village of Degognia and to the farm of Doctor Hezekiah Hodges, one of the earliest physicians of Jackson County.

About two hundred feet from the highway there is a sharp bend in the hill, and to the east, on the brow, stands the old farmhouse with its big fireplace across the west end of the log section of the house. Many of the houses were built of logs put together with wooden pegs and with the cracks daubed with clay.

During the Civil War, a family of Southern refugees lived in this rambling log house; it was

from them the hill took its name. Mrs. Haig was a character in the neighborhood. She always referred to my grandfather as the "massa" and looked upon him with great respect. My father remembered Mrs. Haig's cake recipe when our cakes were failures. "It's just like Mrs. Haig's cake," he would say, quoting her, "'no sugar, no molasses—just made to suit my own taste."

In later years my uncle, Fred W. Brown, lived on Haig Hill and owned the four-hundred-acre farm that now belongs to Herbert Pierson and

Ronald O'Daniel.

My father and his brothers owned a threshing machine that was also used by their relatives and neighbors every summer. At each farm the women would prepare meals for at least twentyfive harvest hands. It took four or five men to keep steam up in the engine that ran the thresher, and it took five and six wagons with drivers and pitchers to bring the grain in from the field to the machine. Two robust men fed the shocks of wheat into the threshing machine, and two extras relieved them at intervals. Then there were others who came along to enjoy the "vittles" and to do a little gossiping on the side. Now and then two or three men would sneak away to a shock of wheat where they had a jug hidden, and each would take a nip.

Old Uncle Jack, a Negro helper, always took his jug from place to place. At one dinner some of the threshing hands refused to eat at the same table with him. My mother knew of the "nipping" from Uncle Jack's jug and she said, "Anyone whose jug is good enough to drink from is good enough to sit with at the table." That settled that

question forever.

We had a huge iron kettle in which we cooked the hams and shoulders for the threshing dinner. We still own the kettle, and it is an heirloom, as it belonged to my grandfather, James M. Brown. We never served chicken, as my father thought it made the men sickly, neither did we serve ice water for the same reason. Father always wore the heaviest woolen underwear he could buy on the hottest summer day; he said it kept him cool.

My father owned a yoke of oxen used for heavy hauling, and he furnished the Missouri Pacific with a great deal of the piling used in the bridges for the new railroad, "St. Louis Valley." Our home was a rendezvous for many of the civil engineers and their friends during the railroad building and construction of bridges, dams, and water tanks (1900-1903).

The iron bridge that spanned Degognia Creek when I was little is now "among my souvenirs" of memory. After my grandfather acquired this site, it became known to the wayfarers and neighbors as Degognia Bridge. The heroes in the community were those who could walk the beams from one

side of the creek to the other.

Years ago the Mississippi River flowed very close to the bluffs. Early records indicate there was a small fort on the west side of Degognia Creek, and Henry Beauvais had a small store, the first one in the township, at the confluence of the

creek and the Mississippi.

The Civil War brought about many changes in this community as well as others throughout the country. There had been great excitement when it was learned that Fort Sumter had been fired upon.

My father said he remembered very distinctly many of the events that took place around our old home and the grave, worried looks on the

faces of his parents.

"The good neighbors forgot party politics; because both Democrats and Republicans felt that the guns were aimed at the heart of the American Republic.

"The news came in very slowly, as the papers



James Monroe Brown

and mail were brought in by steamboat, and only at irregular intervals. The chore of going for the mail at Liberty (now Rockwood) was never neglected at our house," my father said, "for your grandfather was an inveterate reader and getting the mail was the first consideration.

"There was great commotion around our home when, one day in late summer of that year, 1861, a big government wagon came lumbering up before our door drawn by a ten-mule team. I was a boy of eight," my father said, "and these were exciting times for me, as I did not realize the seriousness of it all.

"The wagon was filled with newly enlisted men. They were a noisy, boisterous, carefree lot. Their jesting and laughter could be heard over the din of the wagon wheels. They were on their way out into the bluff settlement recruiting men for the army. Accompanying this outfit on horses were the recruiting officers, Captain H. C. Hodges, Lieutenant Charlie Smith, and Corporal Stubblefield. Captain Hodges, Jackson County's first physician who lived near the old village of Degognia, was the first to enlist. He asked my father's permission to take me along with them. I was a big boy for my age, had ridden a horse almost as long as I could remember, and there were very few farmers that I had not at sometime visited. Captain Hodge said I would be of great service in locating the different farms and men.

"They made their headquarters at my father's place, and ate many meals with us, for which they paid generously. They were courteous and very appreciative of my father's and mother's hospitality.

"My father praised Captain Hodges very highly for the fine treatment we received from him and the officers, but when the Captain wanted me to stay with the recruiting officers, I was greatly disappointed that my father and mother said 'No.' They realized it wasn't best for an eight year old boy, but I thought I was as big as the rest and quite important." My father always laughingly told us he had a secret ambition to drive that ten-mule team, and he did so before the officers and recruits left the neighborhood.

My father's oldest brother, Fred Brown, ran away and tried to join the army, but my grandfather rode out to where the officers were and brought Fred back home. Several months later, after Fred passed his eighteenth birthday, Grand-

father gave consent, and he enlisted.

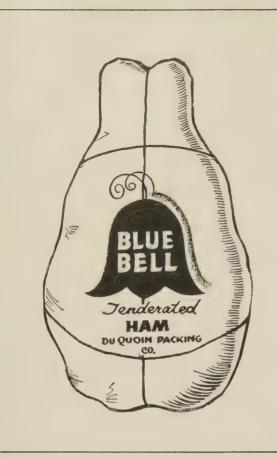
My grandfather was one of the earliest pioneer farmers, and, in 1855, was made president of the oldest flour mill in this section of the country. In 1858, he was elected one of the vice-presidents of the Randolph County Agriculture Association which met at Sparta. A progressive thinker, he had many inventions of his own for the purpose of more farming efficiency.

In the spring of 1855, my grandfather was delegated to buy the lumber for the building of the flour mill at Liberty (now Rockwood), and to

superintend its construction.

While Grandfather Brown was superintending the building of the flour mill, it took all of his time and thought to keep the men working. The directors hoped to have the mill finished in 1856. It took a good many days to get the lime from the kiln that was near Freddie Hunter's farm. Mick O'Daniel kept his kiln going. They were fortunate indeed to have a plentiful supply of lime rock from the surrounding bluffs with plenty of wood to keep the kilns burning both day and night. Later, a kiln was started in the Ebenezer community, and, as that was miles closer, work speeded up.

Five or six ox-team wagons were kept busy hauling sand, from the sand bars close by, to mix with the lime for the mortar. Steadily, the stone



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masons worked at their job on the hill above the selected mill site. Sammy Cleland was the boss of the cutting and shaping of the limestone that would build Liberty a mill. Claus Weibusch laid the brick and his brothers carried the hod; that

part of the work went along smoothly.

The most difficult task for my grandfather. and the job that worried him most, was cordelling the brick from Chester to Liberty. The cordelle gang had to be made up of strong men, in order to pull the flatboat back up the river to Chester. It was difficult to walk along the river bank, and a sure-footed man was in demand as he must not slip with his rigging which was tied to a short round stick, and he had to be wiry and muscular to walk the ten miles steadily and vigorously. It took five men to pull the flatboat to Chester in one day. My grandfather paid the men fifty cents a day, and those were big wages. The men who guided the boat with their paddles and stayed on board received the same amount, for they changed places with the men on shore to take their turn at pulling the boat.

Grandfather was selected as agent, in 1855, to represent the Captain Edward Wyndham Harrington Schenely estate in Jackson and Randolph counties and was given power of attorney to act at all times as the family's agent. This position had many grave responsibilities. The Schenelys had selected a very busy man to represent them

in Illinois.

Schenely acquired his wealth Captain through his marriage to Mary Elizabeth Croghan, daughter of a rich Pittsburgh family. Mary Elizabeth, at sixteen, went away to boarding school and there met Captain Edward W. H. Schenely of the British army, a veteran of Waterloo. Another girl might have thought of the Captain as a typical bluff old Johnny Bull with white side whiskers and imposing "corporosity," but Mary Elizabeth found him very dashing and eloped with him.

Since the new Mrs. Schenely was a great heiress, her elopement became a national interest, a real-life Pittsburgh love story as exciting as any fiction. The Pennsylvania Legislature then attempted to pass a law prohibiting Captain

Schenley from touching her money.

The father was broken-hearted over the loss of his daughter. To lure her back from England, he enlarged the beautiful place called Picnic House to twenty-nine rooms. He built conservatories, stables for the captain's horses, and even imported Pittsburgh's first piano to put in the house.

The Schenelys returned to Pittsburgh about 1845, but stayed only a short time and finally left the estate in charge of a caretaker and representative with power of attorney. They had nine children and apparently lived happily together. Pittsburgh's Schenely Park was named for the Captain by his wife, and the distillery bears the family name.

After the death of my grandfather on January 14, 1874, my twenty-one-year-old father was asked by Attorney Hatch, representing the Schenelys in Pittsburgh, to accept his father's place as agent in this territory.

My father had to make many trips to Pittsburgh to confer with Hatch and the Schenley family. The fascination of a boat trip down the Mississippi River from Wagner's or Hamilton's Land-



Charles Brown

ing on the river to Cairo, where he changed boats and made the trip up the beautiful Ohio to Pitts-

burgh, would intrigue most of us today.

These were very interesting trips for my father. He even felt the necessity of wearing heavy, tailored business suits (frocks) to appear properly dressed while he transacted this business. I remember how I looked forward each time to his return from one of these trips. He always brought presents for my mother and me. The most exciting one was a tiny diamond ring for me from the Schenelys. All the Schenely land was finally sold, and the estate was closed. The descendants

of the family still live in England.

My uncle, Fred Brown, and Whitney Gilbreath of Ava were the originators of the first drainage ditch operations. What today are fertile fields then were ponds filled with singing frogs, mosquitoes, and wild fowl. Enthusiastically, my uncle worked long hours at this project. He had a vision of what the valley could become some day. Gilbreath and he were untiring in their efforts to complete the project, but it was an expensive undertaking, both in money and energy. These early pioneers in drainage deserve great praise for an enterprise that accomplished remarkable changes for the Mississippi bottoms in this part of Jackson County.

Along State 3, just one mile from the county line, three ledges of rock crop out from the bluffs, each a different formation, sandstone, limestone, and soapstone. Father always said the soapstone



Brown home on original site, with cook house and bell at right.

was best for chimney building. When the Eads Bridge was built between East St. Louis and St. Louis, samples of rock were taken from the various sections of the country to be tested. The limestone from these bluffs had the necessary qualities. Special stone cutters were sent to get the stone from the ledges, and it was shipped by barges up the Mississippi to St. Louis where it was used to build the piers for the great Eads Bridge. My father and Uncle Clay helped in the building of the bridge.

One of the most colorful visitors ever entertained by my father was Uncle Conrad "Coon" Boon, a grandson of the famous William Boon. He came to see my father while here on a visit from Oregon and related many interesting facts and stories about his father, Benningsen, and his grandfathers, William Boon and Doctor Conrad Will.

Uncle Conrad Boon remembered hearing his father tell about the first white people who crossed Degognia Creek in 1802. Many of them came from Randolph County bringing their families, some in carts and some on pack horses. They came to make sugar from the sap of the sugar maple trees that grew so abundantly on the bluffs and in the valley along the creek. At first there was a feeling of apprehension about the Indians, but they were friendly toward the sugar makers. This encouraged the Boon family to move into the neighborhood. My father and Uncle "Coon" Boon sat upon our porch and looked out upon the same hills, the same pleasant valley, and the same running stream that caused William Boon, in 1806, to select it as a site on which to build a home and open a farm.

If the traveler listens closely he may hear the pounding of hammers as William Boon, in 1810, builds a flatboat on which to take coal, cattle, hogs, and perhaps cotton to the New Orleans market. Cotton was raised in this section of Jackson County and there was a cotton gin at Sand Ridge. William Boon took with him Brooks, Zephina the son of his best friend, Uriah Brooks, and Peter, his "man of color." Boon was well pleased with his venture, as he sold both boat and its contents, and was paid in silver

rix-dollars. He and his helpers returned home by land.

William Boon was elected captain of a company of rangers when war was declared against England in 1812. They were to guard the country from Marys River to the Big Muddy. One of Captain Boon's mounted rangers, Gregone De-Gognia, distinguished himself to the extent that the creek was named for him. He must have been an outstanding person, for his fame has lived for several generations.

In 1813 and 1814, a plague came, many fell ill, and great numbers died. Captain Boon's wife died leaving five little children. Ranger DeGognia was immune and went from home to home to nurse the sick.

One of the many tales that were told about DeGognia was that he had found gold in the hills, which had been buried with him, and that anyone finding his grave would be a rich man. The loving spirit of the neighboring Indians must have protected the old warrior, for, as far as we know, no one ever has found his grave. When my father and his older brothers, Sam, Fred, and Clay were boys, they spent many leisure hours looking for DeGognia's grave.

My father jokingly called our house "Hotel de Gunny Sack" and any friend was welcome at all times to what he had. The site on which our home was built in 1888, was purchased from Peter Kiefer and his wife, Agnes, in 1856, by my grandfather, James Monroe Brown, for \$4.50 per acre. The land is now considered worth \$200 an acre.

Peter Kiefer had a home and a store on this farm for a number of years. He was elected representative to the twenty-second General Assembly in 1860. His opponent was Lindorf Ozburn,

a resident of Murphysboro.

No one left our community before 1900 that did not pass our house at the bridge across Degognia Creek. It was the way to the boat landing The river was the only means of "rapid" trans-

Great droves of cattle and hogs would pass our house, perhaps in the late evening, going to the landing where they would be loaded onto the boats by the roustabouts, and the loud mooing and grunting as they went on their way to the stockyards worried me as a child.

In those days there were no levees, but my father said he always expected to lose one crop out of seven and still make money. He had often been told by his father about the flood of 1844, and how it had covered the valley from bluff to bluff. No one ever expected this to happen again, and my father would have been the last to leave his home if he had lived long enough to have seen and experienced the great floods of 1943 and 1944.

My mother was spared the terrible experience of seeing the water creep gradually up into our yard and up around the shrubs and trees. Her death came just three weeks before the water came into our home during the May, 1943, flood. Friends and neighbors were kind and came in to help move the chickens and livestock, take the canned goods from the cellars, block up the heavy furniture on wood, and carry the lighter things upstairs. Maggie, our cat, was expecting her first family, and a chest of drawers had to be prepared for her on the enclosed back porch.

The call came one night at midnight to evacuate the village of Cora. They had waited too long, and many splashed out of their homes, laden with their bird cages, dogs, and cats, all

in one boat.

Despite the devastation of the flood there is always the "funny side." I always have been fond of dogs, and at the time of the 1943 flood I owned four dogs and was even entertaining a guest.

When my cousins, Jim Brown and his wife, Myrtle, offered me the hospitality of their home, I not only went myself, but took my dogs, my cats, and my guest. The family owned a dog, two other refugees like myself each had a dog, so our host and hostess found themselves with seven dogs. We all managed to enjoy the dog fights and still laugh about our experiences.

In 1944, all the valley suffered again from the flood of the Mississippi. At present we have only one answer to the problem of flood in Degognia Township—a new levee. It has made drastic changes in the site of our old home at the

bridge.

The bell atop the white frame cookhouse rang out its welcome call year after year to hungry harvest hands in the bottomland acres along the Mississippi. The aroma of frying ham, hot buttered potatoes, corn on the cob, and savory pastries floated invitingly about the busy building, where tables were copiously spread with food, prepared by cheerful, aproned farm women.

Last summer, the faithful little bell sang out its happy tune for perhaps the last time. The cookhouse and the rambling old farm home adjacent to it were uprooted from their haven amid five huge elm trees at the southeast corner of the road to Cora and State 3, and hauled unceremoniously to a sunny, barren spot across the road.

The five elms, which hovered protectively over the home and outbuildings for four generations, have been uprooted. With them has gone the atmosphere of a generation that grew up

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with the nation and could even make bargains with such adolescent giants as the railroads.

When the railroad sought a right of way through our land in 1903, my father agreed to it on the condition that should he or one of his family wish to ride on the train, it would stop at any time. The railroad signed the agreement, which remained effective as late as five years ago when one of my guests failed to meet connections on her return trip to St. Louis. An idea occurred to me. With a purpose in mind, I hiked through the fields to the railroad track, built a bonfire, and returned home to wait for the streamliner. The train arrived on schedule, stopped and took on its passenger with no questions asked.

There are many Indian graves along these hills beneath the ledges of rock. Perhaps some "Big Chief" had his burial grounds in the big Indian mound about two hundred feet northeast of where State 3 crosses Degognia Creek. That portion of the Degognia levee running through our home site extends from the emptying point of the creek into the river, inland about three miles to the Indian mound, so planned to protect and retain the mound.

Archeologists have every reason to believe that in this particular locality there had been a race living prior to the coming of the redskin Indians. A bank of potter's clay is found adjacent to the Indian mound. It is traditional in our family not to disturb the mound. "This mound never has been dug into," my father said. "Let the old warriors rest in peace." Many valuable and interesting relics have been found in the plowed field that surrounds the mound. Through the years we have collected a stone tomahawk, many baskets of flints, pieces of various types of pottery representing three different Indian cultures, and many odd-looking stone gadgets.

The Degognia Levee District is an eighteenmile stretch of bottom land between Cora and Gorham. When I was a little girl, it seemed that floods occurred about every seven years. Then they flowed in quietly, submerged the crops and seeped out gradually, leaving a rich deposit of loam, which more than made up for the losses

by renewing the soil for the next year.

My husband, Ralph, who died in 1922, was a civil engineer; perhaps that is the reason I can understand the necessity for moving old and treasured relics to make way for the newer and, perhaps, better ways. I have sacrificed nine acres of bottom land so that the new levee may go through the center of the old home site. The new levee is twelve feet higher and one hundred feet wider at the base, than the old one and protects 45,000 fertile acres.

The old homestead, which for more than sixty years placidly has with-stood lashing wind, rain, and the swell of the Mississippi, now "keeps company" with the Indian mound. Whatever be the changes provided by man, through what is known as progress, the eternal round of seasons will be unbroken on one of the oldest historical spots in Southern Illinois.

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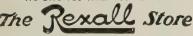
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Pounds Hollow

A new policy of the United States Forest Service has been instituted at Pounds Hollow this year. The charge for admission is twenty-five cents for a car with six or less passengers.

This will give the Forest Service additional revenue. The money collected from admission charges will be plowed back in the form of additional improvements.

Kornthal Church

Kornthal Church has been optioned by the Greater Egypt Association. When the necessary funds have been raised, G E A plans to paint the church and parsonage, treat with fireproofing, build a bridge over the creek, rip rap the west bank of the creek, make a parking lot and picnic ground.

Ferne Clyffe

Ferne Clyffe State Park came into existence when the state of Illinois, early in January, 1949, purchased the tract from Greater Egypt Association, which held the property under a deed in trust from Miss Emma Rebman.

Ray Hubbs, superintendent of State parks, has had a force of men at work for several weeks in Ferne Clyffe. The road has been made useable—it is now possible to drive down into the park. Picnic tables, outdoor ovens, and toilets have been installed. Superintendent Hubbs plans to develop Ferne Clyffe just at fast as the funds at his disposal will permit.

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EGYPT'S CAVE PEOPLE

By A. E. KARSTETER

Life in Egypt in the days before history when men dwelt in caves.

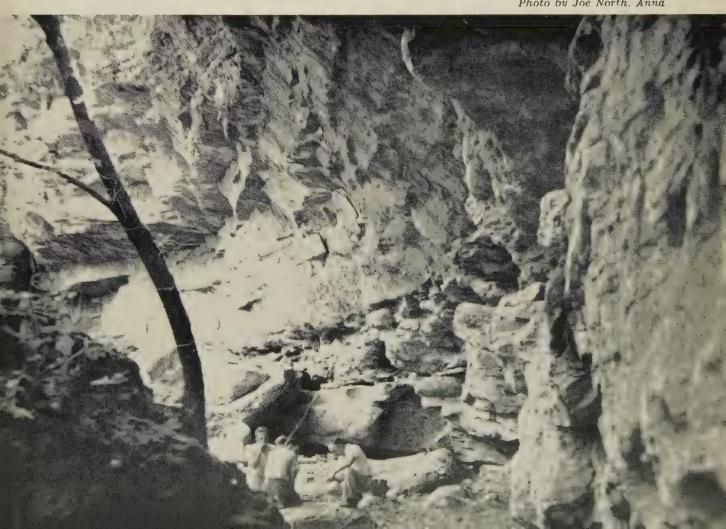
BASEMENT ROOM in the home of Joe Thomas, sign artist and amateur archeologist of Cobden, Illinois, contains a most unusual collection of Indian relics. This collection represents the net results of the insatiable curiosity and arduous labor of Joe and his brother Charles Thomas, who have devoted a multitude of precious week ends to probing in the earth after the longhidden secrets of a departed race. It is remarkable in that it consists chiefly of pieces taken not from such a conventional source as the "mounds," but from one perhaps more ancient still—the deep dry dust of certain caves in the timbered hills of Egypt.

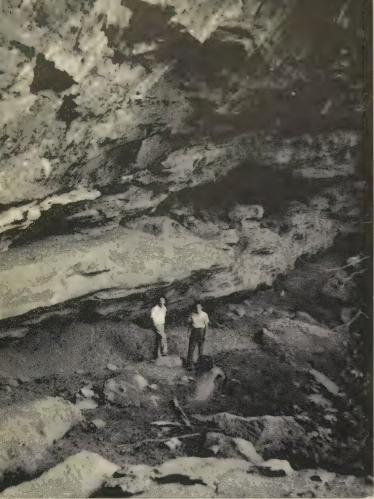
Interspersed among those hills are outcrop-

pings of sandstone which form rugged cliffs, of heights varying from a few feet to a hundred or more. At the bases of some of the cliffs are occasional natural grottoes, many of them of considerable size and so well protected from the elements that their floors remain dry in all weathers. A dozen years ago it occurred to Joe and Charlie that these fine "bluff-shelters" might have been used in past ages by the Indians as more or less permanent dwelling places. It occurred to them further that if this were so, then the moistureless dirt beneath the floors must contain some tangible evidence of such habitation. A test hole or two having confirmed both hypotheses, they commenced the first of a series of exhaus-

Forward portion of cave, showing high ceiling

Photo by Joe North. Anna

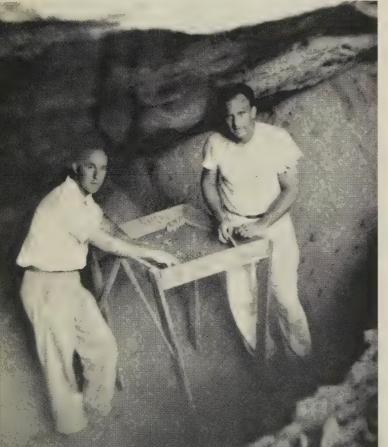




Charles Thomas (left) and A. E. Karsteter in the grotto. Pile of dirt behind Thomas has been screened.

Photos by Joe North, Anna

Charles (left) and Joe Thomas standing beside screen through which all excavated dirt is sifted.



tive excavations in the shelters of Union County.

In the ensuing years, they have painstakingly dug and sifted an incredible number of tons of dusty earth from those shelters, gathering piece by piece their large and comprehensive collection.

While they have received visits and correspondence from learned men, and had their exploits featured from time to time in the metropolitan press (usually with an eye more to sensationalism than to accuracy), the Thomases would be the last to claim that their findings have made any great impression in archeological circles. As Joe wrote, in a paper which he read recently before a meeting of the Illinois Academy of Science at Benton: "We are not professionals and cannot religiously employ their meticulous methods; yet we try to preserve all valuable evidence as we are able to recognize it The number of complete artifacts we uncover is small compared to the mass of material we examine. It is probable that the sum total of its scientific value is small, yet there is no part of it too trivial to reveal some bit of information on the alluring drama of prehistoric man."

In other words their labor is hobby first and science only incidentally. It may be asked by the unimaginative why they have gladly dedicated so much spare time to a financially profitless task. The answer is simple—they derive the same sort of thrill from finding a perfect artifact as did the members of the Carnarvon Expedition on breaking into the fabulous tomb of old King Tut. It is partly a kind of treasure hunt and partly the natural fascination of ancient things. It should be remembered that the relics they find, at least those in the lower levels of the dust, are of great antiquity as we count time in young America. The bulk of them could be of pre-Columbian origin; while some of them may antedate the Christian Era. To quote Joe again: "It is our opinion that they (the Bluffs) were occupied . . . by all types of prehistoric man native to this area We assume that these first human dwellers were very primitive individu-

They dig up a broken arrowhead, and into their minds comes the thought: "A brown hand might have dropped this here the day the Pilgrims landed." Their shovels break into a long-cold fire-bed, with bits of charred wood still recognizable. "Here," they muse, "some centuries ago, a skin-clad savage sat and warmed his hands." Six feet down they turn up a fragment of a human skull. "Here was a man who might have walked these hills in the years when Caesar ruled Imperial Rome."

What could be more intriguing than to delve for such ancient remnants, to speculate about them, to strive to reconstruct from them the kind of life their owners lived?

Having become interested in the Thomas' avocation through conversations with Joe, I wangled an invitation to accompany them on an afternoon's expedition to a shelter which they have been excavating for some time. On a win-

ter day we loaded the car with the necessary paraphernalia and set out for the cave—the location of which is our secret. The brothers are anxious to avoid having the untouched dirt disturbed by the haphazard digging of casual explorers.

Although they had told me that the grotto was a large one, I was not prepared for anything quite so enormous. It faces the south, as do all of those which secrete artifacts enough to justify excavation, and is big enough to house a whole tribe of Indians, with a total length of about 175 feet, a ceiling height of perhaps 40 feet at the mouth, and a greatest depth of some 50 feet. The bluff looks out upon a grove of second-growth hardwood—trees whose more massive ancestors were witnesses to the comings and goings of the very primitives whose vestiges we were seeking. How many generations of moccasined feet, I wondered as we approached the broad yawning cavern, had trod the ground our feet were treading now? Down through the ages how many dusky aborigines had made of this place at least a temporary abode? How had the first human being looked who ever crossed its threshold, and in what dim period had he lived?

The excavating equipment consists of assorted shovels, a screen of quarter-inch mesh framed with wood and standing on legs, and scrapers to assist the screening process and lay bare the items of value. While one man shovels dirt onto the screen, two stand at opposite sides of it, raking the dust through the mesh and examining the residue—carefully, for a tiny warpoint or a bead might easily be overlooked among flint chips and random pebbles. All in all, the procedure is as apparently unromantic as panning for gold—and quite as fascinating.

The dirt is removed in layers, each the depth of a shovelful, and the location as to depth of each worthwhile item noted; for the question which has plagued the Thomases from the beginning is the approximate age of the relics which they uncover. By how many centuries are those artifacts that lie nearest the surface separated from those which are unearthed at a depth of six or seven feet? They cannot be certain, nor do the archeologists with whom they have corresponded care to venture a direct estimate. But, to one who knows nothing about such matters, the most obvious and dependable clue lies in the fact that, whereas no Indians have occupied these caverns for at least a century and a half, many of their relics lie within two or three inches of the surface. If it has taken that long for Mother Nature to cover the topmost treasures with so thin a blanket, how long did it require her to bury the oldest ones seven feet down? Of course the Indian was notoriously unsanitary and no doubt a consideraable portion of the dust consists of his own perishable refuse; but even so, the Thomases are convinced that the age of the nethermost artifacts would have to be written in four figures, if not five.

It is perhaps significant that low-level excavation yields no implements such as the savages were wont to use in agriculture; and that flint

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The Thomases and Karsteter examining fragments dug from cave. Joe (right) holds part of a human skull. Note turtle shell, which probably was used as bowl. Object in Charles' hand is deer horn.

weapons found at the bottom are noticeably inferior in quality of workmanship to those near the top. These facts indicate that the earliest dwellers in the bluffs were of a cruder and consequently much older culture than those of more recent generations.

The "dig" in which I participated was not too productive, but still was far from devoid of interest. We sifted out a number of arrowheads and bone awls, and a brace of perfectly matched, oddly carved rectangular beads. We found an admirable human jawtooth and marvelled at its soundness; disinterred a skull fragment and wondered if it had belonged to the same unfortunate Indian as the molar. At this point, Joe commented that while orthodox burials are extremely rare in the bluff shelters, human bones are found frequently, and these almost always are split and broken like those of the animals which served as food. He is definitely of the opinion that the prehistoric savages of these caves were, at least on occasion, cannibalistic.

We found a few bits of pottery, but none complete. (Charles said, that in one shelter, they had dug out a rude clay vase which contained a pelvis bone of a child. Whereupon we conjectured as to whether the pathetic little bone had been kept there by some sorrowing mother as a memento of her lost offspring, or whether—less sentimental thought!—it had served as a sort of spoon or spatula). We dug through an ancient firebed. We uncovered a twisted, creaselike warpoint the like of which none of us ever had seen. We found a mortarstone, a broken spearhead, and a few more venerable oddments which helped make the day a fair success. As Joe remarked, "Even a flint chip is interesting, because it's evidence of man's doing."

To me as a neophyte the experience was continuously enthralling. I stood beside the screen for hours watching the dust fall through it, and I heartily deplored the early twilight. It seemed to me that every saveworthy fragment was a little piece of history where no history had existed

In the chill afternoon gloom, it grew easy to imagine the cavern as it once had been, peopled with savages. Hard-visaged men and gaunt tough females, brown-bodied children and solemn round-eyed babes crouched here for comfort in a bitter night. Half sheltered from a cold wind that howled through the forest, half warmed by a camp fire whose writhing flames flung leaping shadows on the walls, they huddled together for added warmth and listened to the voices of spirits in the wind Such folk it was whose inconsiderable traces we now sought—we, members of a race undreamed of then by those who left them

They came from an unknown source, these strange people, and they have gone. The patient dust, gray microscopic snow endlessly falling through the turning seasons, crept up by infinitesmal degrees until, when unnumbered years had passed into limbo, nothing remained to mark the presence of their undisturbed and unremembered relics.

The feet of unknowing white men now and again have walked above these archeological treasures for a century and more. It remained for Joe and Charlie Thomas to suspect their existence and bring them into the light of the twentieth century. Hundreds of fine relics, lovingly mounted in glass-covered cases, attest to the patience and devotion with which they have carried on their unusual hobby.

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EGYPTORIALS

Added Attractions

Priscilla, the quadroon girl, brought mallow seeds with her from her native Georgia and planted them around the home where she lived at Mulkeytown. They grow there to this day.

at Mulkeytown. They grow there to this day.

What could cost less and do more to advertise Egypt than to have a "Hollyhock Lane" on State 14? Within two years Hollyhock Lane would be known all over the Mississippi Valley and visitors would drive for miles to see the beautified

highway.

We all have heard of the Azalea Trail in the South. It has been developed and publicized. How about a Dogwood Trail? Plant dogwood trees, alternating pink and white, from one end of Highway 13 to the other. The pink and white blossoms in the spring and the flame of their leaves in the fall again would prove an attraction.

Not only would the plantings have a commercial purpose but they would set up two lanes of beauty that we Egyptians would enjoy.

How about it, Highway Department? Here is a suggestion that will add lots to the attractiveness of Egypt and has the additional merit of being inexpensive.

Highway Problem

The highway system in Illinois is in a deplorable condition. Patching will not bring about the desired roads. What must the State do? How shall it be done?

As we look at the picture we get a confused, blurred effect. We see Federal highways, State highways, county roads, township roads, farm-to-market roads, this kind of road and that kind of road.

As we drive around over the State we find when we leave the through routes that we drive over stretches of dirt, gravel, concrete, and blacktop. We read signs that inform us "State Maintenance ends here" or "State Maintenance begins here."

To the uninitiated, the mysteries of Illinois road systems are un-understandable. There is confusion and duplication of numbers in the Fed-

eral, State, and other roads.

Why not simplify the whole matter? If local politics can be eliminated from the matter the first hurdle will be jumped. Eliminate the short sections of improved roads that are found in isolated spots because someone in power or with a pull could get the improvement in front of his place.

The answer is just one road system for the entire State. We have a competent highway department. It comes as near being out of politics as any department of the State. Put all roads under it. Abolish county and township roads, feeder roads, farm-to-market roads, and the other many types of roads. Make a state-wide system

that will have a planned set of roads, primary, secondary, and tertiary. A road system that will offer the greatest amount of good transportation to the greatest number of our citizens. Stop the waste of good tax money for roads that go nowhere. Give Illinois a real highway system.

Souvenirs

The many visitors that are coming to Egypt now that the region is becoming known as a recreational area, are clamoring for souvenirs.

With all kinds of forest trees, with the great variety of rocks and minerals right here at our doorsteps, we seem to be unable to find any souvenirs with which to take some of that money the visitors want to spend here in Egypt.

It seems the height of something or other to find that at the two or three places any souvenirs are offered for sale they have trinkets made in

Missouri.

We hear that our young people claim there are no opportunities in Egypt. Well, here is one, and one that requires very little capital to start.

Opportunity Knocks

Southern Illinois University now is under its own board. It has a larger operating budget than ever before. It has a sizable appropriation for building purposes.

By the terms of the act of the general assembly Southern is given free sway for two years. Then, when the next legislature meets, the results of this trial period will be looked over, and

the future of Southern determined.

These next two years are vital years for Egypt's university. Her enemies will not be idle. They will endeavor to infiltrate the campus and to sabotage the effort. Perhaps one or two may be there now.

Opportunity knocks. We must produce. We must be alert. We must strive continually. We

cannot fail.

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6:58 am Lv.	Mt. Vernon	Lv.	10:53	pm
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